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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—March 9, 1974, 50 cents

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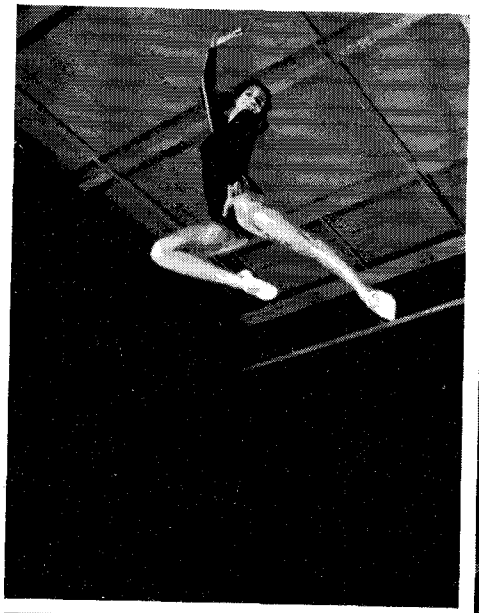

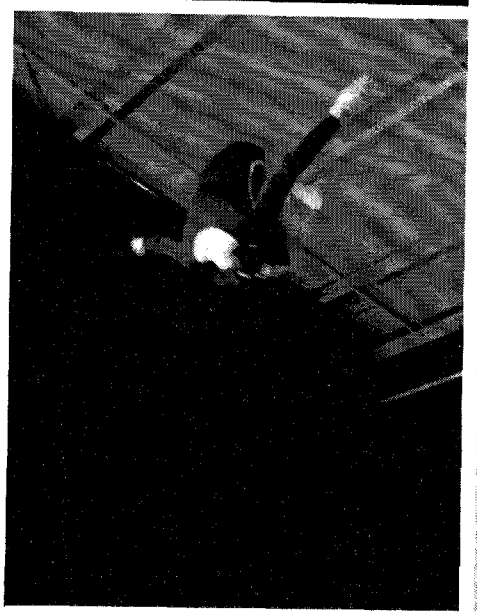

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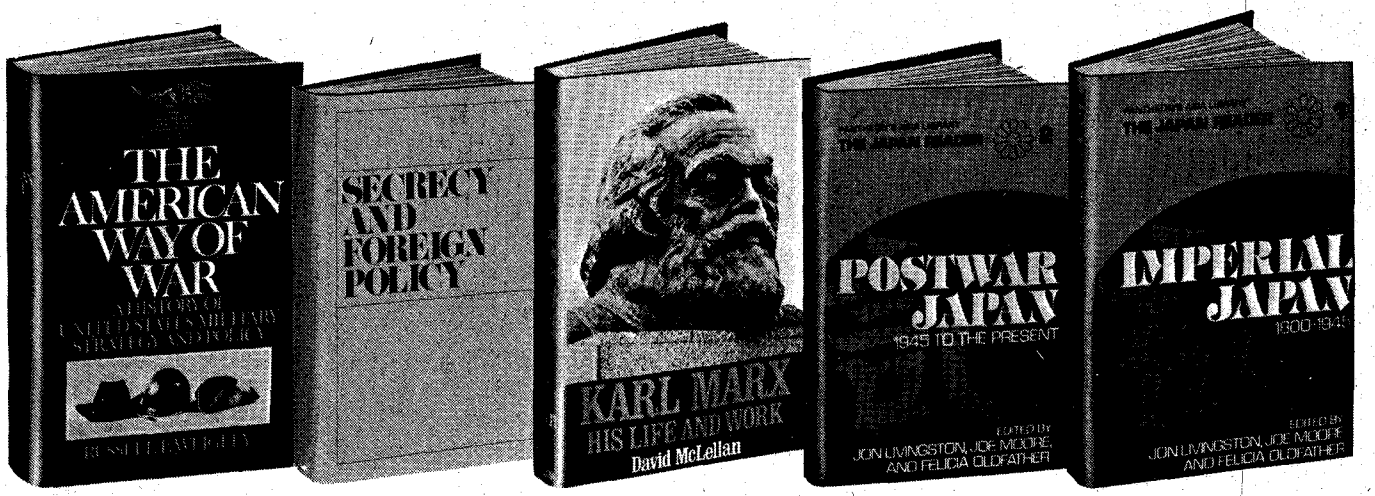

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TRB

from Washington
March 9, 1974

Peace with Honor

Does some small country want the US to come to its defense? We have been reading the new 100-page task force report sponsored by Sen. Kennedy, "Relief & Rehabilitation of War Victims in Indochina: One Year after the Ceasefire." You remember that affair? A lot of people have forgotten: they seem to dislike being reminded of it. It was the war where we got peace with honor. Oh, now you recall it? Yes, it's still going on; we continue to support Thieu at the going rate of $2.5 billion a year — 80 percent of the cost of his government. If any other small country wants American help it should look through this report, a kind of Sears, Roebuck catalog of what our help means.

Let's take Cambodia. You remember that electric night when Mr. Nixon announced he had invaded? — the first President in history to order US troops to invade another country on his own, without clearing it with Congress. "This action is a decisive move," he said (May 9, 1970). After all, he explained, what else could he have done? The US must not act "like a pitiful, helpless giant," he said, or "the forces of totalitarianism and anarchy will threaten free nations and free institutions throughout the world."

Poor Cambodia, it never really asked help, you see, the way South Vietnam did. War came to it as a kind of afterthought, to a totally unprepared government. Even now it isn't covered by the supposed cease-fire of a year ago. Cambodia, after Mr. Nixon's help, controls less than 20 percent of its territory; it imports rice rather than exports it; has lost 35 percent of all its bridges, 40 percent of its roads; and half of its population is displaced. Never mind that though, Pnompenh is still free and the US government is keeping the war going with $100 million in economic assistance and $180 million in military assistance. It is even budgeting four million dollars for "humanitarian aid" in the 1974 budget (estimated).

A woman reported: "My house and all my things were destroyed by bombs. I don't know why they were bombed. I never saw a Vietnamese. My whole village was burned by the bombing."

Another said her husband and daughter were killed. She didn't know whose airplanes they were.

For Americans the war stopped when the POWs came home. But in South Vietnam of course, the war goes on after the cease-fire. There was talk once about US aid to rehabilitate the little nation that four American Presidents set out to save. But little is being done. "Nowhere is the need for relief and rehabilitation more clear than in the faces of the children of Vietnam," says the report. It continues, "Everywhere the Study Mission traveled the problems of these, the youngest victims of the war, were ever present.

"One could see small groups of children moving about, struggling to be free, to laugh and to play — to be as carefree as children ought to be. But in South Vietnam they are struggling to survive."

Clothing is threadbare and often they run naked. But nature puts up a game fight. As one observer remarked, "Despite the gradual descent to animalization, in their struggle to maintain a semblance of dignity, they are beautiful human beings."

You see how it is: we have got peace with honor and can't be bothered with the children. On the other hand shouldn't the United States, which sponsored and now prolongs the war, do something more for civilians? The authors of the survey ask that, and so does Sen. Kennedy. Instead they find an "obsession with weapons deliveries." It might be hard for Gen. Thieu, with his reported 20,000 political prisoners, to divert US funds to children. They're always a problem. After the Mylai massacre a few small children were running about and the soldiers gave them candy. In any case the American people are tired and sick of Vietnam. Our job was to save Thieu, not the kids: the public wants to forget gasoline shortages with sports, or that delightfully shocking movie *The Exorcist* where you can vomit on the way out.

There are 880,000 orphans or half-orphans in South Vietnam out of a population of 19 million. The team noted 400 of them in a typical orphanage designed for 100, cared for by nine nuns, doing their best. The US has approved a small save-the-children fund (four million dollars) in counterpart funds, but the US mission seems hesitant to use it.

US troops fathered a lot of these children, the report says: little half-Americans, 15-20,000 of them, about half of them with black fathers. Their mothers seem to love them, the report says. It says there was an earlier wave here in 1945-54, fathered by French Senegalese troops. It will be hard for these black children as they grow older, the observers say; there is no black community in Vietnam. "These children will grow up and live in relative isolation as have their French-Senegalese predecessors."

The hawks who supported the war under Presidents Johnson and Nixon seem to have forgotten about it now. The dedicated volunteers and church people who are giving aid out there were against the war all the time. Private charity can't do the job though. The report says that 30 billion pounds of explosives have been employed through Indochina and that maybe one or two percent of these bombs and shells have failed to explode — some say 10 percent. They will be blowing up in fields and forests for years to come; leaving men, women and children with amputated legs and maimed bodies.

The worst thing, the report says, is the aerial anti-personnel bombs sowed by the US Air Force in the 1972 offensive, small, efficient and devilish things — they can blow off a man's foot, yet not hurt a truck's tire.

Since the Kennedy report, another study by the prestigious National Academy of Sciences tells the Defense Department that the American use of herbicides in the war may take a century to heal. They destroyed a third of the coast mangrove forests and part of the inland tropical forests, along with crops and possibly children in the Montagnard tribes. While the report isn't unanimous, it notes that about 100 million pounds were dropped, and that it takes 70 to 100 years for a hardwood tree to mature.

So that's the story. Any other small nation wanting the powerful United States to save it, step right up.

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Contents

7 Comment
Shortchanging the Environment, Kissinger Down South
7 Diego Garcia—*Warren Unna*
9 The Nixon Watch: Desperation—*John Osborne*
10 Rose Mary's Machine and the 18-Minute Gap—*George O'Toole*
13 What Brass! —*Michael Getler*
15 Plumbers' Plot—*Walter Pincus*
18 The World of France—*Louis J. Halle*
19 Europa Olympics—*Sagittarius*
20 Housing Allowances—*Malcolm E. Peabody, Jr.*
24 Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
25 Books—Reviews by *William S. Peterson, Robert J. Myers, Lawrence Graver, Bruce Cook, Melvin C. Shefftz*
30 Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*
31 Poem—*Daniel Hoffmann*
32 Correspondence

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Shortchanging The Environment

The gasoline cramps could be eased by federal rationing or the lifting of the Arab embargo, but neither seems around the corner. For the moment the President has offered something called "Project Independence"—self-sufficiency in fuel for the United States in six years. But, first, businessmen must be convinced there's a profit in the project, and for that reason the government has allowed fuel prices to rise and it has begun to suspend, cancel or delay environmental programs obnoxious to industry. The setbacks are not serious yet, but they suggest a retrograde trend that will be serious if it isn't checked by public authorities.

The first anti-pollution regulations to come under attack have been those limiting the amount of sulfur and hydrocarbons that may be discharged by cars, factories and power plants. The emergency energy bill passed last week by Congress, and certain to be vetoed by the President, would delay auto emission standards for a year. As we have noted before, this would *increase* the amount of gasoline burned during the shortage. Another "crisis measure" in the bill undercuts a program designed by the Environmental Protection Agency for limiting commuter driving. EPA Administrator Russell Train saw this looming last fall, and to forestall the junking of the entire program he postponed for a year a limit on parking lot construction in downtown areas and canceled another plan for surcharge taxes on commuter parking in four cities. Train still likes these ideas; Congress doesn't.

Train agrees with environmentalists that clean air standards for autos are necessary to keep Detroit at work on anti-pollution technology and that standards shouldn't be tampered with. Where he and the Sierra Club part company is on standards for factory emissions. Train insists that many coal and some oil burning plants could not have met the 1975 deadline for sulfur emissions anyway, even if there had been no Arab embargo. And since all electric companies that burn coal have been ordered to continue doing so, and all oil burners with the capacity to burn coal have been told to switch to it, there is an inevitable collision between the objectives of clean air and energy. Coal has again become king, and American coal contains a high percentage of sulfur, more than most oil. There are only two known methods of depolluting coal—"desulfurizing" it before using it, or

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"scrubbing" the pollutants out of coal smoke after combustion. Both are costly, neither has been refined to the point of marketability.

The authors of the energy bill therefore proposed to delay 1975 clean air deadlines until 1979 for some factories, giving the EPA administrator authority to rewrite "compliance schedules" and set interim deadlines on a case-by-case basis. Richard Lahn of the Sierra Club's Washington, DC office believes that companies would exploit this flexibility, stretching out work on scrubbers as long as possible, the way auto companies have done with catalytic converters. Train disagrees. Anyway, "you can hardly order them [the companies] to switch to coal and then come around two years hence and slap them with a violation."

Because of the greater reliance on coal, two questions arise: where will it come from, and how will its greater use affect the environment? The fuel industry has decided the coal will come from stripping, more specifically, from Western strip mines. Coal production has gone up only 17 percent nationally since 1965, but strip mine production in the West has increased 400 percent. In Appalachia strip mining has risen 71 percent, deep mining has declined 16 percent. The Environmental Policy Center reports that one company, American Electric, has devised a plan to ship coal from its big strip mines in the West to St. Louis, send it from there overland to Kammer, West Virginia, and burn it in an electric plant only miles away from one of the richest deep mine reserves in the country. Hauling around large shipments of Western coal, though it may do wonders for the US fuel industry, makes no sense, for the diesel burned in transit will probably counterbalance much of the supposed energy savings. Moreover the Interior Department itself predicts that the country will have burned more coal by the year 2000 than there is in all the Western strippable reserves; so sometime before 2000 the energy business will have to switch to deep mining. And where will the industry find miners and equipment if deep mining in Appalachia is allowed to die?

This is not, of course, only a question of economics. Nobody wants the mountains and prairies of Montana, North Dakota and Wyoming carved up by strip mining to feed air conditioners and microwave ovens in the East. Nor the Yellowstone River drained of 81 percent of its water to feed coal gasification plants in the West, as one Interior Department study has said will happen. Deep mining ought to be encouraged, and for now that means mining in Appalachia. John McCormick of the Environmental Policy Center calculates that if companies would dig 3000 feet down (much farther than most mines go today), the ratio of deep-mine, low-sulfur coal reserves to strippable, low-sulfur coal would be 30 to one.

The House Interior Committee is listening to arguments for and against a bill to control strip mining. The bill (HR11500) would set fairly stiff federal standards for opening a strip mine and restoring stripped land. When the matter came before the full committee in mid-February, Rep. Craig Hosmer (R, Calif.) proposed a far more lenient substitute. With heavy lobbying on both sides, the Hosmer bill failed narrowly (21-19) in committee last week. A Republican described how the vote nearly went the other way: "As happens so often, the 'good guys' think they have everything lined up and then about five days before the vote the power brokers move in. You should have seen the flannel suits striding around the corridors today. In the committee room this morning there must have been about $10,000 worth of plane tickets in the pockets of the boys from Amax, Phelps Dodge and the other mining companies out West. They just roll in. They travel in packs, come to a congressman and take him aside—they've studied the legislation just a little better than his staff—and they say, 'Look at page 43, see that, it's confiscatory, it'll shut us down. Do you realize that we employ eight percent of the males between 18 and 35 in your district?' "

A comparable fight is shaping up on nuclear power. For years energy forecasters have said that nuclear electricity is the hope of the future, the inevitable replacement for coal, oil and gas. But nuclear plants have proved expensive to build and tricky to run. Last year there was nuclear waste leakage from a plant in the state of Washington, caused, it turned out, by simple lack of maintenance. If this could happen, what might happen when the number of nuclear plants doubles, quadruples? Considering how little experience we have had with nuclear power and that new breeder-reactors will produce more deadly poisons than any regularly dumped into the environment today, one would expect the government to move very cautiously. But it isn't, because the second great goal of Project Independence, after the revival of coal, is to speed up development of nuclear power. The President wants to cut red tape in the licensing of plants, and last year he took away from the EPA power to set emission standards for radiation out of individual power plants and vested it in the Atomic Energy Commission, considered more sympathetic to nuclear plant builders. The EPA retains authority to set general radiation levels and criticize the AEC standards, but Mr. Train says the EPA hasn't decided what this means, or whether there is an effective way to set permissible general levels of radiation.

The energy squeeze thus far hasn't undone the environmental movement, but it has brought the opposing ranks into the open for inspection. At one extreme stand the captains of industry who maintain that geometrically increasing supplies of food, fuel and machines must be provided at any cost to support geometrically increasing demands. At the other extreme stand the environmentalists who say that supplies are finite, that too rapid growth is destructive, that we need not, dare not, feed every conceivable appetite.

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Kissinger Down South

The best that can be said for Secretary of State Kissinger's three-day encounter with the Western Hemisphere foreign ministers in Mexico City late last month is that it could have been worse. Assisted by Jack Kubisch, the State Department's senior Latin America specialist, Kissinger had wisely prepared for the meeting by deflating in advance several contentious questions that might have turned the gathering into a shouting match. He had settled an old dispute with Mexico over the salinity of the Colorado River. He had reached an agreement with Peru under which nationalized US firms would be compensated. He had set in motion the eventual transfer of the Canal Zone to Panama. And at the conference itself, he initiated what the final communiqué called a "new dialogue of the Americas," which hopefully will encourage governments throughout the hemisphere to discuss candidly their complaints against the US. Yet the meeting failed to grapple with some of the deeper issues that strain US ties with the Latin American and Caribbean states. The role of US multinational corporations, on which hang so many economic and political problems, was side-stepped. The controversy over Cuba's position was also bypassed. And most significantly the hemisphere representatives rejected Kissinger's appeal for a regional "community" and instead served notice that their relationship with the US is changing drastically. When Kissinger opened the conference with a plea for a "new community," for example, President Luis Echeverria Alvarez of Mexico rebuffed the suggestion and said that Latin America has a separate identity as part of the "third world."

The worldwide scramble for oil and other raw materials has given the Latin Americans immense bargaining power. This has in turn strengthened nationalistic tendencies, with the result that they now have the confidence to take over US firms and to challenge Washington's outmoded ostracism of Cuba. Though they may not have sympathized with the late President Salvador Allende Gossens' Marxist government in Chile, many Latin Americans believe that the US engineered its downfall through economic pressures and other maneuvers, and that, in their eyes, was unwarranted interference in the hemisphere's affairs. They have also resented the low priority accorded them by the Nixon administration.

It was Kissinger's intention to correct this situation, and the "dialogue" in Mexico City was a start. But the exchange of views revealed profound differences between the US and its neighbors to the south, which will take more than rhetoric and ambiguous communiqués to bridge.

Possibilities

William James long ago won us to the virtues of an open mind, so we will not dismiss categorically the confident assurances of the President last week during his press conference: there may be no recession, no energy crisis, no impeachment. And Dorothy Parker may have been right:

Oh, life is a glorious cycle of song,
A medley of extemporanea;
And love is a thing that can never go wrong;
And I am Marie of Roumania.

Diego Garcia

There's a five- by 14-mile, V-shaped coral atoll 1200 miles south of the tip of India in the Indian Ocean, called Diego Garcia, on which the US has an "austere" naval communications facility. The President wants $29 million to begin transforming it into the first permanent US military presence in the Indian Ocean. He is meeting opposition from Rep. Lee Hamilton, a Democrat from Indiana and chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Near East and South Asia subcommittee, who wants "a full explanation."

The administration position, expressed in a confidential State Department letter to congressional leaders, declared: "In our judgment, an adequate US presence in the Indian Ocean provides a clear signal to the Soviets of our resolve to insure a credible military capability there . . . The opening of the Suez Canal will obviously increase the Soviet ability . . . to show force to influence events where major US interests are at stake." The plan is to expand Diego Garcia's communication with our nuclear submarine fleet; to deepen the coral-headed lagoon to accommodate a carrier task force instead of just turn-around space for two or three ships; extend the present airport runway from 8000 to 12,000 feet in order to handle all US planes save the broad-winged B-52; to build fuel and storage facilities for both ships and planes; and construct living facilities so that the present American force of 275 can be expanded to 500 or 600. The $29 million budget request is just a starter and comes as a "readiness supplemental" for an "agreement in principle" with the British (the atoll is British-owned). Construction is to be completed by 1977.

Tass and *Red Star*, as might be expected, have criticized the US move. So have the littoral powers: Sri Lanka, which introduced a resolution into the United Nations in 1971 to make the Indian Ocean a "Zone of Peace," Australia, New Zealand, Malaysia, Indonesia, Tanzania, Madagascar, and particularly India. US

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diplomats say these protests are "pro forma."

According to Vice Adm. (ret.) Gene R. LaRocque, the US Navy's former assistant director for strategic plans who now directs Washington's nongovernment Center for Defense Information, the navy quietly started planning for a Diego Garcia base in the early '60s, as it became clear that the British would be phasing out their Indian Ocean military presence, and as it became likely that the US communication facility at Asmara, Ethiopia would become increasingly vulnerable to Arab displeasure. In 1965 the British created an Indian Ocean Territory out of their various archipelagoes, including the Chagos chain containing Diego Garcia, as a defense contingency. The US Air Force jumped in with a $60 million request to build an air base on the island of Aldabra in the Cosmoledo Group. But Aldabra happened to be the last nesting place of the pink-footed booby, and by the time the Royal Audubon Society, the National Academy of Sciences, the Smithsonian Institution and then-Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall got through with their protests to Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, the air force concluded there might be a conflicting flight pattern. The project was shelved.

But Diego Garcia already had been spotted by the navy as an atoll nobody cared about. It was isolated, had no native population—just some imported copra workers. In 1966 the British landlord and the US tenant agreed to a 50-year, 20-year renewable, no-rent lease for joint defense use. This was expanded in 1970 and the navy, using the tentativeness of an "agreement in principle," circumvented Foreign Relations Committee questions for a friendlier Armed Services Committee authorization. After construction of the original communications facility was well underway, the agreement with the British was made official and the Foreign Relations Committee then was formally notified.

There have been a series of Pentagon reports about an expanding Soviet presence in the Indian Ocean, with alarms voiced that the Russians were about to get India to agree to grant them a naval base on India's east coast. (The Pentagon brass continues to intimate to Congress that the base either exists or is about to, though civilian officials at both the Pentagon and the State Department see no sign of it). In February 1972, when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee asked Undersecretary of State U. Alexis Johnson about US intentions in the Indian Ocean, Johnson testified: "We wish to avoid military competition with the Soviet Union in this area." Last June, when the House Foreign Affairs Near East and South Asia subcommittee queried James H. Noyes, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, about Diego Garcia's modest communication facility, Noyes responded: "We are not planning a force in the Indian Ocean beyond that." That was as much as the Pentagon brass had let them know.

Last October, following the outbreak of the Arab-Israeli war, the sheikh of Bahrain gave the United States a one-year notice to get out of its small naval facility in the Persian Gulf. The Pentagon then began circulating word that a more permanent facility would have to be found. (State Department officials now indicate the sheikh is ready to revoke his eviction order before the one-year expiration date comes due in October.) Simultaneously, as part of last October's "global alert" against a possible Soviet military intrusion into the Middle East conflict, a US aircraft carrier task group was dispatched to the Indian Ocean. The Pentagon said the ships would not be recalled after the alert had been revoked. Then in December, Defense Secretary James Schlesinger announced that henceforth there would be a regular US Navy patrol in the area. Thereupon, the navy said that maintaining ships from the distance of Subic Bay in the Philippines was a terrible logistic hardship and an Indian Ocean base now was necessary.

In fact Communist party General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev made a speech in June 1971 proposing an arms limitation in the Indian Ocean, and this was accompanied by some informal probes by Soviet Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin at the State Department. The then-Secretary of State, William P. Rogers, in turn asked what Moscow had in mind. Some say the Soviets made no response and showed no further interest. Others say that the US query was "not very strenuous." The Pentagon says the navy historically has opposed any limitation to its freedom to roam.

There's a bit of toe dancing going on in the State Department over how to gain congressional approval for the $29 million. Chairman John Stennis (D, Miss.) of the Senate Armed Services Committee, ordinarily a sympathetic booster, indicated misgivings the other day when Secretary Schlesinger was before him as a witness. Chairman Fulbright of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, along with Sens. Case and Pell, had similar misgivings when Secretary of State Kissinger was before them in closed session. The administration now is weighing whether to chance another executive agreement with Britain, which requires no congressional approval; whether to seek a joint resolution of approval from both House and Senate; or whether to put Diego Garcia in treaty form, which would require approval by two-thirds of the Senate. Sen. Case hopes to make Senate approval of military bases both mandatory and retroactive.

On the House side, Rep. Hamilton declares: "Congress needs specific answers concerning both the Diego Garcia proposal and the policy behind it. The issues are too large, and the possible American commitment too far-reaching, to allow our course to be determined without deliberation."

Warren Unna

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The Nixon Watch

Desperation

If Mr. Nixon knew what a story going around Washington had him knowing when he strode into the East Room at the White House for his 36th press conference in five years, he showed it only in a most oblique and curious way. What the story had him knowing was that evidence gathered by the special Watergate prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, incriminated him so clearly and seriously that he would be in the shocking array of former associates and assistants who were about to be indicted by a Watergate grand jury if he were not the President. Jaworski was known to doubt that an incumbent President is subject to indictment and to have decided that it would be improper and unfair to name Mr. Nixon as an unindicted co-conspirator. The implication of these views was that any evidence in the hands of the special prosecutor and involving the President would be passed, in one way or another, to the House Judiciary Committee for its use in deciding whether to tell the House of Representatives that Mr. Nixon should be impeached.

One of the few White House assistants who is in close and regular touch with the President said after the press conference and a couple of days before Jaworski was expected to present a batch of Watergate indictments to federal Judge John Sirica that Mr. Nixon had not indicated in any fashion to anybody that he knew or believed the evidence involving him to be as serious and substantial as the cited story assumed. But it was a believable story, if for no other reason than that the President surely knew the import of the White House tapes and documents that had been given to the special prosecutor. I'm persuaded that Mr. Nixon was indeed reflecting the knowledge that the story assumed when he said with a show of total assurance at his press conference that he did not expect to be impeached and did expect to serve out his second term. Mr. Nixon's show of confidence seemed to me to be the performance of a President who knows that he is in desperate straits and has concluded that his only hope of salvation lies in pretending to the very last that he is safe and innocent.

Reporters who were seated along the aisle the President used when he walked to the East Room podium heard him breathing hard before he faced the microphones and cameras. The last time I heard him breathing that audibly was August 22, at a press conference in San Clemente, when he was still recovering from viral pneumonia. Mr. Nixon always sweats at press conferences, whether or not he is under television lights. This time sweat appeared on his upper lip sooner than usual, before he was done with a transparently wishful statement about the energy shortages to the effect that "while the crisis has been passed, the problem remains." The President told some of his assistants afterward that he thought the conference went well for him and he was probably right. With a couple of exceptions, the reporters failed to assist him on this occasion with the animal cries for recognition that aroused sympathy for him at his last conference on October 26. But the generally moderate tone of the questions, including some tough ones, fitted with his desire to project an impression of quiet confidence. In his answer to one of the questions, a request for his "personal reaction" to the expulsion of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn from the Soviet Union, the President reminded us of how effective he can be when he is stating a sound position. He said that he admired Solzhenitsyn for showing "such great courage" and continued: ". . . if I thought that breaking relations with the Soviets or turning off our policy of negotiation and turning back to confrontation would help him or help thousands of others like him in the Soviet Union, we might do that." He wasn't going to do that because the two nuclear powers must recognize their differences and also recognize "the fact that we must either live together or we will all die together."

It was inevitable, however, that this press conference would be remembered chiefly for Mr. Nixon's answers to questions about and related to scandals and conduct associated with Watergate, and for his manner when

"Pretty soon we'll have nothing left to believe in but ourselves."

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he answered some of them. His most interesting physical reaction occurred when he was asked whether he believed that the conduct that led to the resignation of former Vice President Agnew last October "brought dishonor upon his office, this Administration and the country." The President turned away from his questioner. Reporters who were seated where they could see him in profile saw him shudder. What seemed on the spot to be a very long moment passed before Mr. Nixon turned back and answered in part: "It would be very easy for me to jump on the Vice President [he noticeably didn't say former Vice President] when he is down. I can only say that . . . he rendered dedicated service in all of the assignments that I gave him . . . Now at this point I am not going to join anybody else in kicking him when he is down."

Mr. Nixon was at his scabrous worst when he dealt with two questions about his tax situation and the huge deduction that he took for the donation of his vice presidential papers to the National Archives. He said with a faint but detectable leer that he'd be glad to pay state and local taxes in California if he were required to "and, of course, deduct that from my federal income tax liability." He said again that he'd taken his vice presidential papers deduction on the advice of Lyndon Johnson, who isn't around to say whether this is true, and that anyhow he'd only done what President Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, John Kenneth Galbraith and Jerome Wiesner among others had done. Galbraith took a modest deduction and Wiesner took no deduction for donations of papers. The question that brought on the snide reference to them was, "Now, Mr. President, do you think you paid your fair share of taxes?" Mr. Nixon didn't answer it.

The President added nothing that wasn't known or anticipated to the defensive position that he is shaping up against impeachment and resignation. But the sum of his replies made his position and intentions clear beyond dispute. When he said, "I do not expect to be impeached," he reflected the guidance on present sentiment in the House of Representatives that he was getting from such informants and advisers as Counsellor Bryce Harlow. Mr. Nixon omitted the qualification that was usually attached to this guidance: namely, that he's probably safe from impeachment IF nothing new and serious in the way of scandal or proof of his involvement develops. Whether the President is impeached may turn upon whether a House majority requires proof of criminal and indictable conduct before it will vote impeachment. Mr. Nixon at his press conference took the narrow and, for him, prudent view that "a criminal offense on the part of the President is the requirement" and indicated that his chief Watergate lawyer, James St. Clair, would soon submit a brief to that effect. A Justice Department study suggested that grave but not necessarily indictable offenses against the state could justify impeachment. In terms that were ominous for this President, the House Judiciary Committee's legal staff declared that the impeachment of a President should be "predicated . . . upon conduct seriously incompatible with either the constitutional form and principles of our government or the proper performance of duties of the presidential office." In short, in the staff's opinion, criminal and indictable conduct did not have to be alleged and proved.

In essence Richard Nixon relies upon the presidency to protect and preserve his presidency. He said that he'd cooperate with the Judiciary Committee's inquiry "in any way consistent with my constitutional responsibility to defend the office of the presidency against any action which would weaken that office and the ability of future Presidents to carry out the great responsibilities that any President will have." When he was asked whether he'd reconsider his determination never to resign if it became evident that his continuance in office doomed the Republican party to "disastrous defeat" in this year's elections, he answered: "No. I want my party to succeed but, more important, I want the presidency to survive, and it is vitally important in this nation that the presidency of the United States not be hostage to what happens to the popularity of a President at one time or another." Congressmen will be less likely to impeach, senators less likely to convict if they are convinced that "the popularity of a President" rather than the conduct of this President is the controlling factor. In the unlikely event that he gets by with his conception and defense of "the office of the presidency," Mr. Nixon may be enabled to withhold from the Judiciary Committee White House evidence that would make impeachment certain, conviction probable and resignation wise.

John Osborne

Rose Mary's Machine And the 18-Minute Gap

On December 13, after the panel of electronic experts jointly selected by the White House and the special prosecutor's office delivered its interim report of the 18-minute tape erasure, presidential attorney J. Fred Buzhardt said "We'll accept whatever they find." But after the panel told Judge Sirica on January 15 that the erasure was the result of at least five separate manual operations of Rose Mary Woods' Uher 5000 tape recorder, James St. Clair, another presidential lawyer, told reporters, "I think I'm going to talk to my own experts." One month later St. Clair said that a White House technical investigation had shown the erasure

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marks "could well have been and probably were caused by the admittedly defective recording machine."

While the identity of the new White House electronics expert has not yet been disclosed as this is written, the "defective machine" theory almost certainly originated with Allan Bell, Jr., a retired army intelligence officer and president of Dektor Counterintelligence and Security, Inc. of Springfield, Virginia. Bell is the inventor of the Psychological Stress Evaluator, the "voice lie detector" and more than a dozen other electronic and mechanical devices for intelligence and security work. He told me that he had undertaken his study of the 18-minute gap on his own initiative after hearing the Sirica panel's mid-January report, and had given his findings to Rose Mary Woods' lawyer, Charles Rhyne. Rhyne forwarded copies of the Bell report to Judge Sirica, the special prosecutor and the White House, and used it as the basis for an attack on the Sirica panel in early February.

Bell's theory is simple and to this writer very plausible. St. Clair himself nearly stumbled over the essence of the idea while cross-examining the Sirica panel in mid-January. The panel reported finding at least five "erase signatures" on the tape within the 18-minute gap, and explained that these electronic marks were caused by shutting off electrical power in the erase head of the Uher recorder. The panel concluded that the "signatures" could not have been put on the tape by repeated operation of the foot-pedal control—an explanation that would have been consistent with Miss Woods' account of what happened—since releasing the pedal stops the Uher's motors, but does not cut the power in the erase head. Therefore, said the panel, the erasure must have resulted from at least five separate operations of the recorder's manual keyboard controls. But, asked St. Clair, couldn't the erase head power have been cut off some other way, such as by pulling out the plug on the recorder's power cord? The question wasn't explored, since no one envisioned Rose Mary Woods or anyone else repeatedly unplugging and replugging the recorder during the allegedly accidental erasure.

However Bell realized that the intermittent failure of a portion of the tape recorder's electronics called the "power supply" could have produced exactly the same effect. Did the panel find anything wrong with the Uher's power supply? Yes, the panel testified that the intermittent failure of a power supply component probably produced the buzz that was recorded over the 18-minute erasure; the component failed completely while the machine was being tested and had to be replaced. The Bell report postulates that the power supply was sputtering during a single 18-minute erasure, resulting in the trail of "erase signatures" that led the panel to believe that at least five separate manual erase operations had taken place. Bell was able to duplicate this in his laboratory by deliberately causing the same kind of power supply malfunction in another Uher 5000 recorder. Whether his theory is correct can be determined only by examination of other characteristics of the original White House tape, to which Bell has not been given access. Until the Sirica panel demonstrates otherwise, however, Bell's theory provides a plausible alternative explanation for the erasure, requiring only one manual operation of the recorder to account for the missing 18 minutes. Whether that one operation was deliberate or accidental is, of course, beyond the scope of the Bell theory.

There are several other mysteries, however, and they have had little notice in the press or, apparently, the special prosecutor's office. Attention has been focused on the tape, but the tape recorder has been relatively ignored. The Uher 5000 was purchased by the Secret Service on October 1, the same day the erasure allegedly took place. Louis B. Sims, a Secret Service technical specialist, testified that at about 10:00 am on that date, Stephen Bull, the President's appointments secretary, requested "a recorder with a foot-pedal capability." Bull wanted the machine by noon, so Sims arranged for the purchase of a Uher 5000 with foot pedal from the Fidelity Sound Company in Washington, DC. The $528.80 machine was picked up by a Secret Service agent and delivered to the White House around 12:30, where it was reportedly "checked out" by the Secret Service technical staff and turned over to Bull sometime between 1:00 and 1:15 pm. Exactly one hour later, at 2:15 pm, Rose Mary Woods, according to her own account, told the President that she had made a "terrible mistake." Miss Woods reported the accidental erasure and a shrill buzzing noise on the erased section of the tape.

If the Sirica panel is right about the cause of the buzz, then an expensive new tape recorder suddenly malfunctioned. Electronic specialists have told me that the power supply malfunction in question would probably also have produced an audible buzz or hum even when playing back a tape. It is not clear whether the Secret Service technical people played or recorded any tapes on the new machine when they "checked out" the instrument shortly before Miss Woods' reported erasure, and, if they did, whether a buzz was heard.

Allan Bell, who purchases and resells a different model Uher recorder in quantity for use with the Psychological Stress Evaluator manufactured by his company, reports that among a group of 316 Uher machines, he knows of seven power supply malfunctions reported by customers within the 90-day warranty period. The sudden malfunction of Miss Woods' machine is not incredible, though it is fairly improbable.

The Sirica panel testified that the recorder malfunction was intermittent—the buzz was present during some tests, absent during others. Apparently the problem did not exist continuously while the machine was at the White House; it seems Miss Woods was still

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using the Uher six weeks after the October 1 incident, on November 12, when Bull asked the Secret Service to alter the machine so that it could be used to play tapes, but not erase or record them.

It seems unfortunate and remarkable that neither Bull nor the Secret Service was sensitive enough to the issues involved to forgo tampering with the Uher used in the allegedly accidental erasure. Obviously the process of gelding the recorder's erase/record function involved opening up the instrument's case and disconnecting some of the circuitry. If the court had sought to determine whether the Uher's defect was the result of accident or deliberate sabotage, the issue would have been clouded by the Secret Service's modification.

As it happened, however, the Sirica panel not only omitted investigating this point (which was not part of its assignment), but it probably rendered the question unanswerable when it repaired the defective power supply. The panel members seem uncertain of precisely what they did to the recorder. One panel member, Mark Weiss, testified regarding the repairs that eliminated the buzz "Whether it was the rectifier or some other repair that took place without our realizing we were making it at the time, we cannot say with certainty."

There is one question that might shed some light on the matter of the malfunction of a new tape recorder: was the recorder that was used in the erasure the same one purchased by the Secret Service on October 1? Testimony before Judge Sirica established that the Secret Service already had *four* Uher 5000 recorders in its inventory when it purchased the new machine on October 1. It seemed possible to me that the fifth recorder was purchased in order to obtain the foot pedal control required by Stephen Bull, so I contacted Fidelity Sound. I was told that the Uher 5000 pedal is sold separately for $28.80, so this appears not to be the reason for the purchase of the recorder. The matter of the newly purchased recorder is important because if the Secret Service had given Bull one of the recorders it already had in stock, and if *that* recorder had been the one that malfunctioned, then the possibility would have to be admitted that the erasure took place in the White House before the recorder was turned over to Miss Woods.

On examining a Uher 5000, I found that the serial number is stamped into a plate riveted to the recorder's chassis and visible through a window in the power cord storage compartment. Thoroughness would suggest a careful examination of the number, the plate and the rivets on the Woods Uher.

The strangest mystery to escape the notice of those interested in the 18-minute gap is the journey the tape took on November 13. White House aide John Bennett testified that on that date he took the tape to the National Security Agency for the purpose of making two copies. NSA headquarters, located more than 20 air miles from the White House at Fort Meade in Maryland, is certainly equipped to duplicate tapes, but taking a tape out to NSA for duplication is analogous to taking one's headache to the National Institutes of Health for an aspirin. Tape duplication is a simple process requiring two recorders and an inexpensive cable available in most radio-electronics stores. Surely the Secret Service technical staff had the equipment and the basic electronic skills necessary to perform this task in the White House (I carry two tape recorders when on assignment and routinely duplicate taped interviews immediately afterward, mailing one off as insurance against misadventure). It is difficult to believe that the one and only copy of the June 20, 1972 tape was taken out of the White House and brought to NSA for the sole purpose of making copies of it.

A more plausible explanation for the November 13 trip is that an attempt was made to learn whether the erased portion of the tape could be recovered, using the NSA's sophisticated electronic equipment and technical expertise. In fact presidential lawyer J. Fred Buzhardt testified that on November 14—the day after the NSA trip—he asked Dr. Howard Rosenblum of NSA about the possibility of recovering the speech under the 18-minute erasure and buzz. According to Buzhardt he got in touch with Rosenblum after learning of the full extent of the erasure, knowledge the White House says it did not have prior to November 14. Disguising the true reason for the NSA journey might have been necessary to support this official chronology. Or perhaps in going to NSA on November 13, the White House sought not recovery of the erased segment, but assurance that such recovery by others would be impossible.

The day after the NSA trip the original tape was sealed in a box for subsequent delivery to Judge Sirica. On January 15 the Sirica panel reported that "recovery of the speech [beneath the buzz] is not possible by any method known to us." If that caused no sigh of relief at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, perhaps it was because that sigh had been breathed two months before.

The Sirica panel's conclusion that the gap resulted from at least five separate manual operations has drawn attention from other serious problems with the White House's account of the erasure. If the panel is wrong and the Bell report correct, a confused public may conclude that the erasure was proved to have been an accident. In fact Bell's theory does not set out to prove the erasure *was* an accident, but only that it *could have been* accidental. Bell offers a plausible alternative explanation of *how* the erasure took place. *Why* the segment was erased remains a question that must be answered in the courts.

George O'Toole

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The Yeoman and the Admirals

What Brass!

On September 18, 1970 Navy yeoman 1C Charles E. Radford moved into the most important job he would ever have in the US Navy. A skilled stenographer and typist, the 26-year-old enlisted man had been assigned to the White House liaison office maintained by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Set up in the early years of the Kennedy administration, that office was meant to coordinate the flow of information on national security matters between the military hierarchy and the White House-run National Security Council. Through design or coincidence the assignment of Radford completed an important change in the makeup of the liaison staff; one which in February 1974 would perplex a group of senators trying to figure out whether that office had gone far beyond its authorized charter and was the focal point for an alleged military "spy ring" operating within the White House.

In 1969 the liaison office was run by an air force colonel. His boss was the chairman of the Joint Chiefs, army Gen. Earle G. Wheeler. The clerks and secretaries were civilians. Early in 1970 Rear Adm. Rembrandt C. Robinson replaced the air force colonel. In July Adm. Thomas H. Moorer succeeded Wheeler as the nation's top military man. And in September along came Radford, replacing the chief civilian secretary. The other civilian office workers were let go. Though no one noticed or thought much about it at the time, within about six months the liaison office link to the top had become an all-military—indeed all-navy—operation.

By mid-December 1971, however, people in high places suddenly did begin to take notice. Verbatim minutes of White House meetings run by Henry Kissinger during the India-Pakistan war were published by columnist Jack Anderson. The material—based on a copy of detailed notes made by a civilian Pentagon official attending the meeting—was highly embarrassing to the President's national security adviser. He hit the roof.

An investigation run by the then clandestine White House plumbers unit fingered Radford as the likely source of the leak. The yeoman was quietly banished to a reserve recruiting station in Oregon. Adm. Robert O. Welander, who had taken over from Adm. Robinson in March 1971, was transferred to command of a cruiser flotilla. The liaison office was ordered closed by Kissinger, in part because of the leak and in part because the whole episode reminded him of how many people took detailed notes at his meetings and thus how many raw, unofficial records of those meetings—which might not coincide with the official account—were being passed around the Pentagon.

But as the Senate Armed Services Committee is only now finding out, there was much more. The plumbers investigation late in 1971 had also turned up allegations and some evidence that what had gone on in that liaison office went far beyond the leak to Anderson. A number of top secret and highly sensitive documents—not meant for transmittal to the Pentagon—had been pilfered by Radford from files, briefcases and "burn bags" and funneled through the liaison office to Adm. Moorer. By February 21 the Senate committee had heard testimony taken under oath and behind closed doors by Moorer, Kissinger, Radford and Welander. Adm. Robinson, a central figure in the case because it was he who Radford said had initially trained and instructed him, died in a Vietnam plane crash in 1972.

The most likely explanation for what happened is that senior military men were trying to find out what was going on rather than sabotage anything. But the case is extraordinarily complex, and the Senate committee is going to have a tough time getting to the bottom of it. There are already sharp contradictions made under oath, possibly involving perjury by either Radford or Welander. But other, implied contradictions reach far beyond—to Adm. Moorer and President Nixon.

The immediate and related questions for the committee are: was yeoman Radford acting on his own or under directions from higher up, and why was no one called to account?

If Radford is telling the truth—that he was carefully trained and asked by his immediate superiors to take "anything I could get my hands on" along with the warning "don't get caught"—there has been a sizable cover-up of highly improper activity both within the military and among the civilians responsible for ensuring civilian control over the military. On the other hand Adm. Welander has denied even implying to Radford that he should engage in such sticky-fingered operations. Welander has also suggested that the yeoman cooked up or grossly embellished his story to divert attention from investigators who—at Welander's suggestion—were zeroing in on Radford as the source of the Anderson leak, a crime that Welander branded as "treason."

Adm. Moorer—who was reappointed for a second two-year term in June 1972—has called allegations that he was privately aware of and encouraging such snoop-

COMING: Richard Critchfield on why some poor countries are poorer than others

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ing as "ludicrous" and "ridiculous." Moorer, Welander and even Kissinger have all pictured Radford as an "overexuberant" yeoman, anxious to please, impress and "make brownie points" with his superiors to keep his job. But if this description is anywhere near right, then it clashes seriously with remarks made by President Nixon before an Associated Press editors' meeting last November 17. In explaining to a newsman why he had sought to limit a Justice Department investigation of the plumbers—who had later gone on to break into Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office—the President spoke of "another matter so sensitive that even Senator Ervin and Senator Baker have decided that they should not delve further into [it]."

Ervin has since confirmed that the alleged "spying" episode was what the President was talking about. Thus the question is raised whether the "cloak of national security," which the President pledged not to throw, was indeed thrown over an investigation into the plumbers' activities by using allegations that Moorer describes as "ludicrous" and "ridiculous."

While the scope of the unauthorized paper-passing back to the Pentagon remains in some doubt, it has been belatedly conceded by Moorer and Welander that at least "two batches" of material "retained" by Radford "in a clearly unauthorized manner" during trips with Kissinger and Gen. Alexander Haig in 1970 and 1971 were in fact received by Moorer via the liaison office. The admiral claimed that in the huge amount of data that passes over his desk he paid little attention to these documents and their origin because they didn't tell him anything he had not already been briefed on through normal channels. Yet one of the documents, according to Kissinger's testimony, was the record of a conversation he had with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai during that first super-secret trip to Peking in July 1971. Kissinger said this type of verbatim document is specifically never circulated to the Joint Chiefs. Kissinger told the committee he was "outraged" when he first learned about the Chou conversation notes apparently being filched from a "burn bag" and circulated. But he later calmed down, he said, and he dismissed thoughts of a military conspiracy since he had briefed Moorer on the "substance" of the Chou meeting before the pilfered material reached the Pentagon. Nevertheless this incident focuses on two aspects of the story that are hardest to believe: 1) that a navy enlisted man would, on his own, take what at the time was probably the most highly classified and sensitive document in the US government; and 2) that Adms. Welander and Moorer were not very curious about its origin when it came across their desks. The incident is also crucial to the question of why no one was punished. In the case of the Anderson leak, the official explanation is that there was only "circumstantial" evidence against Radford, who denies being the source and who has described Welander as very lax on security when he was running the office. It is not disputed that improperly obtained material did get passed to Robinson, Welander and Moorer. So why was no one punished?

At the very time in December 1971 that the plumbers had stumbled onto the indications of a military snooping operation, the government was pressing its case against Daniel Ellsberg for leaking the Pentagon papers to the press. Is it possible that the White House

"Ok, where is it? Where's my little black book of phone numbers??"

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—possibly the President, or then-Attorney General Mitchell, or former plumbers' boss Ehrlichman—ordered the episode quietly handled through transfers not only to keep the plumbers' existence secret but because to punish anyone would have been to concede that the nation's top military officers were reading documents they were not supposed to have while the government was trying to put Ellsberg in jail for providing the public with information on Vietnam? Or was it reasoned that prosecution—even behind closed doors—might have resulted in disclosure of the incident, ruptured the newly unfolding relationship with China and caused a grave crisis of national confidence in the military?

Michael Getler

Mr. Getler *covers the Pentagon for* The Washington Post.

Discrediting Daniel Ellsberg

Plumbers' Plot

by Walter Pincus

Daniel Ellsberg's delivery of the Pentagon papers to *The New York Times* and their subsequent publication beginning June 13, 1971 was viewed as both a danger and an opportunity by the President and his key aides. The danger was that pro-Democratic federal bureaucrats hostile to Richard Nixon would, the President's men believed, be tempted to imitate Ellsberg and slip newsmen potentially embarrassing tips on domestic and national security policies. Or conservatives within the President's official family might be inspired to sabotage through press leaks Henry Kissinger's evolving secret initiatives with China and the Soviet Union.

While one White House group was moving to minimize these dangers by locating and sealing off any leaky spots in the government, other Nixon operatives such as Charles Colson saw the Pentagon papers affair as a political opportunity. "This thing could go two ways," Colson is recorded as saying over the telephone July 1, 1971, three days after Ellsberg was first indicted. "Ellsberg could be turned into a martyr of the new left. He probably will anyway. Or it could be another Alger Hiss case where the guy is exposed, other people were operating with him and this may be the way to really carry it out. We might be able to put this bastard into a helluva situation and discredit the new left."

The man Colson made those statements to was his friend, E. Howard Hunt, a former CIA official who was being sounded out by Colson for a job in the White House as coordinator of research on the Pentagon papers and liaison with any congressional committee that might investigate how they got published. Hunt went to work for Colson as a part-time White House consultant July 6 and almost immediately learned there was more to his job than reviewing cables and the Pentagon papers. Colson had in mind a major public relations campaign to discredit Daniel Ellsberg and to that end Hunt was put to work gathering derogatory information. According to Hunt, Colson also wanted him to "make a series of trips to interview persons who might be able to throw light on the Vietnam war." Any such Colson-approved interviews, Hunt said, were to be on "a quasi-covert basis." To accomplish his mission Hunt said he wanted White House intervention to get CIA disguises and other materials. Colson replied he would handle that. On July 7, 1971, Hunt's second day at the White House, Colson took him to meet presidential aide John Ehrlichman who called then Deputy CIA Director (Gen.) Robert Cushman and told him Hunt was employed by the White House and would be needing CIA help in highly important national security matters.

Hunt met Cushman on July 22 and asked for false identification papers, a wig and voice pattern alteration device, to be used for an interview with "an individual whose ideology we aren't entirely sure of. . . ." Hunt used the disguise, and a tape recorder he had also been given, to interview Clifton De Motte, a 1960 Kennedy campaign worker who, Hunt later testified, "was believed to have information reflecting unfavorably on certain members of the Kennedy political grouping . . . [which] Mr. Colson felt . . . ought to be followed up. . . ."

While Hunt at Colson's direction was beginning to

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pull together exploitable information on the Vietnam war, Ellsberg and the "Kennedy political grouping," Egil Krogh, a top assistant of Ehrlichman, and David Young, an aide to Henry Kissinger, were asked on July 16 to draw up for presidential approval a plan for coordinating an anti-leak campaign. A week after Krogh and Young went to work, *The New York Times* published an outline, on July 23, of the highly classified US position at the strategic arms limitation talks then underway in Vienna. The worst fears of Krogh and company about future disclosure based on the Ellsberg precedent seemed confirmed. The President met with Krogh the following day and approved formation of the special White House investigative unit. According to Ehrlichman, who sat in on that meeting and served as unit supervisor, Mr. Nixon emphasized "in very graphic terms the disadvantage in which he found himself now in trying to conduct this country's foreign policy and work out this arms limitation [having] had these secrets displayed."

Krogh wasted no time. That same afternoon he called together representatives of the FBI, Defense and Secret Service to set up a comprehensive investigation into the source of the SALT leak, using polygraphs for State and Defense Department employees who had access to the published material. Hunt, representing Colson, was present. During the next week, Hunt, on Colson's instructions, went to work in Room 16 of the Executive Office Building, where Krogh and Young had set up headquarters for the unit. There Hunt met for the first time G. Gordon Liddy. The unit received FBI investigative reports on Ellsberg on almost a daily basis, along with other material from State, Defense and the National Security Agency. Though Colson retained final authority over public dissemination of information generated in Room 16, the unit itself (later labeled the "plumbers") took over the Ellsberg project and Hunt along with it, though Hunt still regarded Colson as his boss. On July 28 Hunt sent Colson a memo suggesting an "operations plan aimed at building a file on Ellsberg . . . essential in determining how to destroy his public image and credibility." Among the items mentioned: "obtain Ellsberg's files from his psychiatric analyst."

Testifying later before a California grand jury, Hunt explained that in reviewing FBI reports "within his first days in Room 16," he learned that Ellsberg visited a psychiatrist. "It became known to me," he told the Senate Watergate committee, "and to others in Room 16 that following Dr. Ellsberg's final delivery of the last installments of stolen Pentagon documents to *The New York Times* and to other portions of the media, that he had, I believe, telephoned his psychiatrist or analyst, Dr. Fielding, and communicated to him in effect his sense of great relief that he had at last done this." The psychiatric material took on added importance when it was learned that on July 22, Dr. Fielding refused to be interviewed by the FBI without his attorney present, and on July 26 the attorney told the bureau the doctor would not even acknowledge that Ellsberg had been his patient.

Colson relayed Hunt's July 28 memo to Krogh and Young and was informed six days later that four of Hunt's suggestions were "already in train" and the others were being explored. Among the latter was the proposal to get Ellsberg's psychiatric records.

In early August 1971 a major change was made in the charter of the Room 16 operators. In the beginning, as Ehrlichman described it, it was "a group that was established for the purpose of getting the security people in the departments and agencies to do a better job"; it "became an investigative unit subsequently." It had to do its own investigating, Krogh and Ehrlichman testified, because the FBI and particularly J. Edgar Hoover would not "move on this" Ellsberg investigation. In explanation they both pointed to Hoover's friendship with Ellsberg's father-in-law, Louis Marx. The insinuation of favoritism is ironic, since Marx heartily disliked Ellsberg and was himself interviewed by the FBI little more than a week after the Pentagon papers story broke. Indeed a Krogh-Young memo of that period stated that the bureau seemed to be concentrating on Ellsberg as "the sole prime mover" in the affair.

The real White House problem with the FBI in August was that it refused to do what the Nixon operators wanted done—get Ellsberg's psychiatric reports and broaden the Pentagon papers inquiry with a view to developing a conspiracy charge that would bracket with Ellsberg such advisers of Sen. Edmund Muskie as Paul Warnke, Morton Halperin and perhaps Clark Clifford. Muskie at that time was running ahead of Nixon in the polls. The FBI later did agree to pursue the conspiracy line suggested by Defense and Justice Department officials, and the plumbers.

Finally on August 11, 1971 Krogh and Young recommended to Ehrlichman "that a covert operation be undertaken to examine all the medical files still held by Ellsberg's psychoanalyst covering the two-year period in which he was undergoing analysis." The Room 16 group, Hunt later testified, was "trying to determine what position the White House should take with regard to prosecuting Dr. Ellsberg. . . . To that end extracts were made of material dealing with Dr. Ellsberg's rather peculiar background and we read these excerpts and concluded that the best instant source of a full readout or a reasonably full readout on Dr. Ellsberg would be through whatever files the psychiatrist had been maintaining. . . . A bag job on the psychiatrist's office . . . became a topic of low key conversation around the office." According to Hunt, Liddy proposed a "vulnerability and feasibility study of the premises of Dr. Fielding," and within a few days a trip to Los Angeles for that purpose was authorized. The first step toward the break-in had been taken;

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who approved it? Ehrlichman initialed his okay of the August 11 memo's "covert operation," with the caveat "if done under your assurance [meaning Krogh and Young] that it is not traceable [to the White House]." But Ehrlichman told the California grand jury that the President himself specifically approved the special unit's carrying out its own investigations. And the Fielding project seems to have been the only unit investigation undertaken at that time.

Hunt and Liddy were given additional disguises by the CIA, plus a concealed camera that they told their agency contact was needed "to photograph an individual in a poorly lighted corridor" in connection with "a new assignment," and on August 25 the two men flew to Los Angeles, gaining entrance that night to Dr. Fielding's office by telling the cleaning woman they were colleagues who were to meet the psychiatrist. While Hunt spoke to the woman, Liddy took pictures of the office using the CIA-furnished camera concealed in a tobacco pouch.

Hunt flew back to Washington the next day and at his request was met by a CIA technician who was asked to develop the film promptly. Having the pictures of the interior and exterior of Dr. Fielding's office, Hunt and Liddy then put together their final plan for the break-in and delivered it to Krogh and Young. Four or five days later, according to Hunt, they got approval for a break-in to take place over the Labor Day weekend. Hunt flew to Miami to round up a burglary team from among Cuban-Americans with whom he had worked 10 years earlier in the Bay of Pigs invasion. Liddy, meanwhile, drew up a budget which, according to Hunt, included such items as walkie-talkies, cameras and "probably entry tools."

Money was a problem. Up to then Hunt and Liddy, with false identity cards supplied by the CIA, used regular government travel vouchers. For the break-in itself, however, they needed cash. Krogh passed along their budget request—though perhaps not the budget paper, which is missing—to Ehrlichman. Ehrlichman has testified he could not remember going to Colson for the money, but Colson says Ehrlichman telephoned him to say he did not have a budget to cover the West Coast investigation. Colson then got $5000 in cash from a Washington public relations man and had him deliver it in an envelope to Krogh. The PR man was reimbursed out of Nixon campaign funds several weeks later. The manner in which the funding of the "covert operation" was handled indicates that those involved understood the nature of the project.

In the week before the break-in, Room 16 was still promoting a congressional investigation, the aim of which, as described in a memo to Ehrlichman, was "to slowly develop a very negative picture around the whole Pentagon study affair [preparation to publication] and then to identify Ellsberg's associates and supporters on the new left with this negative image. The end result would be to show 1) how they were intent on undermining the policy of the government they were supposedly serving and 2) how they have put themselves above the law." The same memo referred to the impending Fielding break-in by suggesting that "a game plan" would be needed for using the material received "in conjunction with the congressional investigation."

On Saturday night, September 3, 1971, shortly after 11 pm, the three Cubans broke into Dr. Fielding's office and pried open the cabinet that contained records of his patients. The job was to have been a clean one that left no trace of an entry. They had a Polaroid camera to take instant pictures so they could tell how to put a drawer or cabinet back together after searching through it. The fact that they had to break open the cabinet changed their plan. So they messed up the office and left pills on the floor to make the break-in appear to be a robbery by addicts. They had high-powered lights and a Minolta camera for photographing documents. Two Cubans told the California grand jury some pictures were taken that night with the Minolta. That film has never been discovered. All three have said they found no file on Daniel Ellsberg, and that, as we shall see, is curious.

At 4 am, September 4 (according to Hunt), Liddy called Krogh in Washington to say the team had come out without being discovered but had failed to photograph the material sought. The Cubans caught the first plane to Miami. Hunt and Liddy caught the first plane to New York, arriving in Washington that Sunday afternoon. Why the quick departure? Perhaps there's a hint in the confused testimony of Ehrlichman. He maintained that he did not authorize the break-in and learned of it the Tuesday after Labor Day. "The reaction that I had to this when I heard about it," he told the Senate committee, "was one of surprise and disapproval. My initial reaction was to pull them back from their trip West, which I suggested to Krogh be done immediately and it was done as far as I know." It would be interesting to know whether Ehrlichman was called by Krogh early Sunday morning September 4 and was told the Hunt-Liddy team was proposing another entry, into Dr. Fielding's apartment.

There is another explanation of the quick departure: the burglars *had* got what they wanted. Dr. Fielding was called down to his office by police on the evening of September 4. The locked cabinet containing his patients' records had been broken open and papers from his desk were strewn all over the floor. In the bottom drawer of that file cabinet were the papers and records of Ellsberg's visits over the two-year period he was under analysis. Two batches of notes, one 25 sheets, the other 40, were, according to the doctor, "outside the [Ellsberg] envelope. I know that I had left them inside the envelope . . . and this [set of notes] looked as if it had been fingered." In subsequent questioning Dr. Fielding has been somewhat less certain

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about the position of the Ellsberg notes.

Today, three years after the event, the Pentagon papers are all but forgotten and Daniel Ellsberg is best remembered as the man whose psychiatrist was burglarized. But the White House plot to discredit Ellsberg planted the seeds of Watergate and the cover-up. It was to become a poisonous plant that in full flower would destroy the men who cultivated it.

The World of France

By Louis J. Halle

"This song being sung about France's isolation—it just makes me feel younger. I feel as if I am living in General de Gaulle's time, because then the song was being sung every morning . . ."

Premier Pierre Messmer, February 12, 1974

As one associates "fair play" with the British, so one associates "teamwork" with Americans. Everyone must join the team and play his assigned role on it. But teamwork, which represents virtue in American minds, has other implications for the French. In their view to join a team is to compromise one's identity. *Identité* is a key word in the French press these days. It stands for what the French regard as the overriding issue of contemporary international relations, quite transcending the squabbles about such sordid matters as oil and exchange rates.

When the principal oil-producing countries, last fall, suddenly opened an abyss before the industrialized nations by their demonstration of petroleum power, the United States responded in character. It invited the threatened nations to meet in Washington and organize teamwork for dealing with their common problem. In American eyes its invitation represented propriety itself.

This was not how it appeared to the French. Even the most responsible part of the French press saw the American initiative as a sinister and deceitful maneuver. The United States, merely pretending to be concerned about oil supplies, was seizing a long-awaited opportunity to destroy the developing *identité européenne.*

When the eight other European states with which France is associated in the European community (dubious Europeans as they all are) accepted the invitation, French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert had no choice but to go to the meeting himself, there being no one else to save *l'identité européenne* from the hand of the assassin. Although he returned with his prestige damaged in French eyes, this was not because he had taken the wrong line but because he had allowed himself to be outfoxed by his American antagonist, that Mr. Kissinger. (Richelieu outfoxed by the disciple of Metternich!) He had allowed himself to be ineffectively present at the assassination.

Raymond Aron, surely the most intelligent man in France, knows the United States well, having once been associated with Professor Kissinger at Harvard. But Frenchmen, including the best of them, tend increasingly to talk only to themselves, and this has its effect. In *Le Figaro* of February 15 Aron had a despairing article under the title, "L'Identité Perdue." The Washington meeting, he wrote, had provided Mr. Kissinger with the opportunity he had so long been seeking to destroy *l'identité européenne.*

Michel Debré, De Gaulle's longtime Prime Minister, would normally be regarded as the antithesis of Aron. But in *Le Monde* the next day he expressed essentially the same view, albeit with embroidery. The question, he wrote, was: "Do the European nations wish to constitute an autonomous power or are they resigned to the status of satellites?" Reading the French press, one almost forgot that the Washington meeting had been about oil and economics.

Here we have two national points of view so wide apart that, each missing the other, they don't even meet in conflict. What Americans regard as a proposal to work together as a team for the common good, *pro bono publico,* is regarded by Frenchmen as a confidence trick designed to keep the Europeans under American hegemony. In this France appears to be alone among the Europeans. The very consciousness of isolation within Europe, however, only reinforces the French view that France alone represents Europe. If Europe is to be saved, Debré concludes, it is only a strong and intransigent France that can save it. "By our tenacity,"

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he writes, "we shall be the leaven when, after a bad passage, the time of great and noble ambitions returns. It is either this or nothing."

Just as De Gaulle, not altogether without reason, identified France with himself rather than with the French people, whom he did not respect, so the French today identify Europe with France, not with the Germans, the Dutch, the British and the rest. The future Europe of their vision, consequently, can only be a France writ large. This is because, like the Chinese, who also have historically tended to talk only to themselves, the French think of themselves as constituting the Middle Kingdom.

Judging others by our own norms, we Westerners have long regarded China as simply one nation-state among others. This has been quite mistaken. For some 3000 years, and probably still today, the Chinese have regarded China as a civilization—which is certainly what it has been. They have gone beyond this, however, to regard China not as one particular civilization but as civilization itself. For 3000 years, as sole custodian of the only civilization, China has been the center of a rule that extends, in principle if not in practice, over the outer barbarians who inhabit the rest of the world. It has made no difference that, during these millenia, the outer barbarians have often been militarily stronger than the Chinese, that they have repeatedly conquered China, occupied it, and ruled over it. In time the occupying barbarians—*e.g.*, Genghis Khan's Mongols and the Manchus—have always become Chinese simply by acquiring the civilization, just as the barbarians who invaded the Roman Empire ended by becoming Romans. To be Chinese, then, is not to belong to any particular people or race, but simply to have become civilized.

Without pressing the analogy too far, one may note how the French, likewise, tend to assume that there is only one culture—only one Western culture, at least. That is why, like the Chinese, they are not basically racist. A black Senegalese who has gone through a French lycée and graduated from a French university belongs to the one cultural élite, however "barbarian" his ancestry. The picture is less absolute here than in the case of China, simply because the greatness of France has never brought her to such a dominion as enabled the Romans and the Chinese alike to conceive of themselves as the sole rulers of the world. Moreover since the French Revolution the French have been internally fragmented along lines of class and caste distinctions. (Even racial discrimination has been exceptionally possible, as witness the experience of Captain Alfred Dreyfus in the French officer caste.)

De Gaulle said that he was France. The royalists would say that it was only they who represented France, but this would be disputed by Bonapartists, Orleanists or the new Gaullists. What is clear is that the vast majority of the French population, who may

Europa Olympics

(after Matthew Arnold)

Europa Olympics!
They strip for the Games,
The first since Old Europe
Was given to flames.

From her ashes arisen,
Earth's Third Super-State.
No more two World Powers
Shall govern her fate.

Her swords turned to ploughshares,
Europa disarms,
While the nuclear umbrella
Guards Market and farms.

What Law binds her champions?
Community rule;
They have bathed arm-in-arm
In her energy pool.

Now abreast for the Summit
With torches alight,
From the butter-rich pastures
To the buttermost height!

'Tis Pompidou heading
The glorified Nine;
The Leader is fastest,
But none are in line.

Now Britannia is treading
On Germania's toes;
Now Italia is jostled,
And over she goes.

The Benelux trio
Run a three-legged race;
Hibernians and Vikings
Compete for a place.

One must be the winner!
When has there been known
Nine cocks on the dunghill,
Nine seats on the throne?

No foul play excluded,
Each strives for the palm,
While the twin Super Powers
Are keeping their calm.

Sagittarius

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find "La Marseillaise" merely amusing today, do not represent France at all. But the idea of France, however embodied, is the idea of a culture that makes outer barbarians of all who live beyond the frontiers.

From the days of Charlemagne (who never knew that he was a Frenchman) to the 19th century, France generally occupied her proper position, as those who speak for her see it. Then, however, she was overborne by the increasing demographic weight of the barbarian Germans. After that she went through the *mauvais passage* in which she still finds herself, when, weakened by successive disasters, she has been caught between two rival barbarian empires, the Russian on the one side and the American on the other. But France, by her intransigence, shall at last return to her rightful position. For the future of Europe, as Debré observed, it is either this or nothing.

What goes without saying is that this view of Europe's present and future is not shared by anyone outside France. Even in Geneva and Brussels, French-speaking cities virtually on the frontiers of France, it is regarded as having no relationship to reality.

France today does not conceive of cooperation with other nations on a basis of equality, or under other leadership than her own, as compatible with her intrinsic dignity as the sole custodian of the West's cultural heritage. In a great emergency, or under the stress of imminent calamity, such cooperation may be unavoidable. Today's situation, however, does not require such compromise.

We, ourselves, have repeatedly made the situation worse by insensitivity and tactlessness, for it is our habit to talk to others as if they, too, were Americans. Nevertheless we are going to have to accept the fact that France will not "play ball," as we put it (meaning baseball). We are going to have to accept the fact that the possibilities of dialogue with France are limited, deriving what consolation we can from the fact that they are equally limited for France's neighbors in Europe. We may as well relax, therefore, conducting ourselves with dignity and decency, letting the other Europeans, less suspect than ourselves, bear the brunt of living with France in an Atlantic world that she is not willing to recognize.

LOUIS J. HALLE'S *most recent book is* The Ideological Imagination. *He is at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva.*

A New Way to House the Poor

Housing Allowances

by Malcolm E. Peabody, Jr.

When in St. Louis in March of 1972, the plunger was pushed to blow the first building of the Pruitt-Igoe public housing project into a pile of rubble, it symbolized the end of the federal policy of building housing for the poor begun 36 years ago. Built in 1956 to house 2700 families, Pruitt-Igoe won architectural awards but shortly deteriorated into an unlivable slum—good only for a demolition experiment. The actual end came in January of 1973 when the White House declared a moratorium on the subsidized programs, charging that they were "wasteful, inequitable and scandal prone," and called for a major study of federal housing policies to develop a new approach.

MALCOLM E. PEABODY, *until recently the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Equal Opportunity at HUD, pioneered the development of the housing allowance program.*

As the dust settled on Pruitt-Igoe, across the state in Kansas City, Missouri Louise Garrett, a welfare mother with four children, was being interviewed about her reactions as one of the first participants in a demonstration of a new approach to housing the poor. It was called "the housing allowance," and it consisted of giving cash assistance to needy families and allowing them to choose their own housing on the private market, rather than subsidizing housing authorities and private developers to build new low-rent housing.

When chosen for the experiment Garrett was living in a dilapidated one-bedroom apartment in a Kansas City slum. Within 60 days she had rented a simple but attractive three-bedroom, single-family house in a pleasant working-class area, with good schools and recreation for her children. She was delighted. "The

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house and the neighborhood has exceeded my highest expectations of what I ever thought I could afford," she said. Officials in charge of the demonstration were also pleased because in addition to housing the participants so happily, the allowance program had done so at one-half the annual cost of subsidizing new public housing units, done it in a fraction of the time, and with no resistance from Garrett's new neighbors.

With the results of a federal study in hand, the President last September declared that direct cash assistance was "the most promising way to achieve decent housing for all our families at an acceptable cost." He then filed legislation to expand the national experiment in housing allowances, which had been set up to test the findings of the Kansas City approach. Congress, stung by the President's impounding of housing funds and now weighing the possibility of impeachment, is unlikely to respond positively to his proposals. And yet the Congress, too, has lost stomach for subsidizing new housing for the poor, which it had enthusiastically endorsed when it passed the 1968 Housing Act.

Dubbed the "Magna Carta of Housing" by its sponsor, Lyndon Johnson, the '68 act launched the section 235 and section 236 housing programs under which the government subsidized moderate-income ($5000-$10,000 a year, depending on family size and geographic location) home buyers purchasing housing under $35,000, and developers who built housing for moderate-income families by lowering mortgage payments to the equivalent of one percent. The act also permitted FHA to guarantee single-home mortgages in inner-city areas, expanded the public housing program and set forth for the first time a national housing goal of 26 million new units to be built within the next 10 years, six million of which were to be subsidized. In a rare act of putting its money where its mouth was, Congress appropriated the funds to meet these goals. Subsidized housing production took off, and in the four years that followed over 1.6 million units were started, more than doubling the one million that were in place in 1968.

What went wrong after such an auspicious start? In simple terms the act produced financial, political and sociological monsters. The annual costs for subsidizing individual units were outrageous. It took $2500 in direct and indirect subsidies to lower the rent of a new unit of public housing to the $70 level (the average monthly rent that public housing tenants pay). In one program annual subsidies were running in excess of $2000 per unit or substantially more than what the average family pays for housing. The President's study showed that it would cost $2.5 billion annually just to pay for the units started during the past four years, and billions more to reach the six million unit goal. And even if this goal were reached, it would provide but one unit for every four families or individuals eligible under current statutes.

Politically the subsidized construction approach has become increasingly unpopular. Locating a public low-rent or even moderate-rent multifamily housing development raises issues of race, class and high-density development all at once. Any of these is explosive enough, but when combined they trigger community reactions of nuclear proportions.

I witnessed such an explosion in Stoughton, Massachusetts, one of Boston's suburbs, when as director of a nonprofit housing development corporation I tried to build some subsidized townhouses. When the town fathers learned what we were up to, they first threatened the landowner to prevent the sale, then tried to down-zone the land so that only single-family houses could be built. When these strategems failed, the town planning committee tried to block us by requiring the installation of a huge, six-foot-wide drainage pipe through the middle of the property to provide for "future drainage." The fact that the pipe had to connect to a three-foot pipe downstream failed to dissuade them. After five years the project was finally built, but not until I persuaded HUD to withhold a one million dollar water and sewer grant from Stoughton until the town issued a building permit.

During the late '60s and late '70s resistance grew rapidly to the location of new federal housing developments—particularly multifamily projects. The fight over the Forest Hills public housing project in Queens, New York and the one over a project in Blackjack, Missouri, were typical of what was happening in many metropolitan areas.

The single-family housing program had fewer political problems at first, since it did not raise any controversy over building apartments. However, congressional mailbags soon swelled with complaints from irate homeowners who were struggling to make their own living and who felt keenly the inequity of having the government subsidize neighbors who paid less and owned better and newer equipped housing. The outcry was such that a local approval requirement was added to the '72 housing bill in the House. The bill was blocked by the Rules Committee for other reasons, but it would have effectively killed the program had it passed. Not only neighbors were objecting, so were tenants, because too often the subsidies were producing poor housing, particularly the public housing for families. Even before the '68 act we knew it was a ghastly mistake to erect monster public housing projects like Pruitt-Igoe, Columbia Heights in Boston and Taylor Homes in Chicago. These were built in the '50s when social planners believed in concentrating the poor geographically, thereby permitting more efficient delivery of social services. Experience proved instead that packing multiproblem families together was like packing oily rags, risking spontaneous combustion. Many of the riots in the '66-'69 period began in such public housing projects. Smaller projects on scattered

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sites were preferable, but these proved to be much costlier to build and maintain, and not much easier to locate.

The basic defect of the public housing program in my opinion was not that it concentrated the poor but that it discouraged their escape from the poverty cycle. The public housing tenant was at the bottom of a many-tiered sociological totem pole. Benefits flow down this pole from central, regional and area offices of HUD, thence to the mayor of the city who selects the housing authority board, which in turn hires the authority director who then supervises the project directors who finally control the tenants. Tenants cannot reach up that long pole to complain about the filthy hallways or the lack of security. Their only contact is with the project director who does as he pleases because he knows the tenants have no other housing choice. This reinforces the feeling of powerlessness and hopelessness that are the first emotional hurdles to clear before a family can break out of poverty.

Although the political and financial problems would have been enough to knock out the subsidized housing, the corruption and confusion produced by the explosive expansion of the programs following the '68 act hastened their demise. In 1972 grand juries in nine cities were uncovering collusion between HUD staffs and sharp real estate developers and brokers. In one HUD office, corruption was so rife that the office was closed out entirely. The headlines produced by these revelations figured importantly in the decision to impose a moratorium.

Thus the United States may well be at the end of an era of subsidized housing construction and at the beginning of a new one using direct cash assistance to house the poor. The question is will the new approach be better? In my judgment the answer is yes. By giving cash directly it lessens the dependency of the poor; they have the power to choose. At one stroke this inverts the sociological totem pole, putting the beneficiary on top and the people who provide him housing below. If they are not sensitive to his needs, he has the freedom to go elsewhere. The housing they find may be older than public housing but it is likely to be in better neighborhoods. Moreover the beneficiaries will not be stigmatized as wards of the state since few will know they are being aided. And with all these advantages, the direct approach will cost far less per family housed, and thus will be far more equitable since more needy people can be helped with the same amount of money.

These are the conclusions that were reached as a result of two experiments with housing allowances for some 250 families, conducted in Kansas City and Wilmington during 1971 and 1972. In Kansas City the program worked this way: a survey was taken of the metropolitan area to determine the lowest rents at which standard units were generally available. Low-income families were then selected with first priority given to families living in substandard units or in public housing. Of those selected, 85 percent were black, 79 percent female, 75 percent on social welfare, 70 percent unemployed, and their average annual incomes were close to $3000. Average age was 32 years old; the families had three to four children. In short these were the families ordinarily judged the toughest to house.

Allowance amounts were determined by deducting what the family could afford in rent (25 percent of their income, adjusted to family size) from the cost necessary to rent a suitably sized, standard apartment. For example if a family needed a three-bedroom apartment (standard cost $200) and could only pay $75 with 25 percent of their income, they would be entitled to an allowance of $125. If families found standard apartments at less than the standard cost, they could keep the difference as long as the rent equaled or exceeded the allowance. This gave families an incentive to find bargains, but also allowed them to choose higher-quality housing if they were willing to pay more. Units were inspected prior to move-ins to assure that they met city code standards. Beneficiaries had to show proof of rents paid to assure that allowances were used for housing.

Armed with their prospective allowances most of the families found housing within the 60 days allowed. Many, lacking cars, had difficulty seeing available units. Others couldn't find enough listings or had trouble finding housing that could pass inspection. Their experience pointed up a need for better counseling and transportation, which features are being built into the national experiment. There was some awkwardness with landlords who refused to rent to families with children or to persons on welfare, or who practiced outright racial discrimination. A great majority, however, did not. Seventy-five percent of the landlords were even willing to decorate and make repairs to pass city inspections, and 60 percent continued to make prompt repairs afterward.

The participants were successful in finding rents below the standard. The average rental paid by participants from their own funds was $18.96. The remainder was made up by the allowances that averaged about $95.00 a month, or *about 40 percent of what it takes to subsidize a new public housing unit each year.*

Where the families moved was fascinating. Some stayed in their own low-income neighborhoods but shifted to better housing. Most moved to better neighborhoods but stayed within the same ethnic community. About eight to 10 percent of the minority families moved into white areas. It seemed that when decent housing was available in neighborhoods within their own ethnic community, minority families were less likely to move outside, particularly poor families. One of the participants, a Mexican-American, was reluctant to leave the Spanish community but failed to find

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decent housing within it. He chose a home in the southwestern part of the city near his job and outside the Spanish community.

Ninety percent of those interviewed felt that the allowance program was preferable to public housing, and they were uniformly pleased with the freedom to choose their own home. They mentioned frequently the pleasure of privacy, the peace and quiet of their larger houses in less crowded neighborhoods, and the feeling of pride they got from living there. As one lady put it; "If he [the landlord] don't do what he is supposed to, he don't get paid and he knows it."

But administrators benefit as well. For example a housing allowance is more flexible in that it does not tie the federal government to a specific unit in a specific location for 40 years, as do existing programs. Moreover housing allowances avoid the political problems of where to locate subsidized developments. In Kansas City a number of housing allowance participants moved easily into a neighborhood whose residents had just sued to prevent the construction of a small 236 project. Few residents realized how the newcomers had arrived, but even if they had there was no legal way they could have stopped them. There are a dozen good legal ways, however, of stopping a building.

Housing allowances are no panacea. Though superior in almost every respect to the subsidized construction approach, they cannot be used in tight markets where vacancy rates are less than five to six percent without some parallel program to expand production. Otherwise there will be an imbalance of supply and demand and rents will be driven up without improving overall housing quality. Most of our metropolitan areas today do have vacancy rates of over six percent, however. The 1970 housing census indicated that Chicago had a rate of 6.7 percent; Cleveland, 7.8; Fort Worth, 12.2; Louisville, 7.2; Pittsburgh, 7.7; and Tampa, 9.3. Housing is still tight in many urban areas, mostly in the Northeast. In New York, for example, the vacancy rate is near two percent, one of the lowest in the nation; Philadelphia, five percent; Washington, 5.3; and Rochester, 4.5. In these cities production must continue to be stimulated.

How to do that is a real teaser, for resistance to subsidized housing is highest in markets that are tightest, particularly to housing projects in white neighborhoods. Building in minority areas is politically easier but legally more difficult. A series of recent federal court decisions have circumscribed the government's ability to assist housing construction in minority areas where the effect of such construction is to perpetuate racial concentration—which most of them do. Finding sites that are both politically and legally allowable would now be extremely hard. So reestablishing the present programs will not get us far. The programs must either be made more palatable, or the courts or Congress must grant power to override local opposition to the location of subsidized projects. The latter seems highly unlikely. Congress is headed in the opposite direction, and though some lower courts seem ready to force communities to accept such projects, the Supreme Court does not.

Thus the emphasis will have to be on wider community acceptance. Many attempts toward this goal have been made before without success—scattering developments, lowering project size, better architecture—all have been used and have improved the housing, but they are costly and public resistance has not declined. Why? Because the resistance is due not primarily to the housing itself but to the race and class of people for whom it is built, and no matter how silky one makes the purse, the public sees only a sow's ear.

There is a way out of this dilemma, but it requires giving up the notion that subsidized construction must directly help the poor. Trying to solve the problems of low-income and poor housing together has made it impossible to solve either. They *can* be solved separately by a program that stimulates housing for the *general* public and relies primarily on an income approach to assist the poor. Such a program would use government subsidies and loan guarantees to build housing for *middle income* families. Subsidies would be available only to tight-market cities and would continue until vacancy rates climbed over the six percent level. Until this level was reached, housing allowances would have to be limited probably to the same number of new units produced under the construction program. For this reason it will take time in tight-market cities to solve the housing problems of the poor. But using the double-barreled approach of building for the middle class and assisting the poor to rent existing decent housing will work far faster than the current approach of building for the poor.

Thus far, subsidized middle-income construction has not been proposed by either branch of government. The House is considering block grants—sending subsidy funds to cities and leaving them to decide how best to build low-income housing. The emphasis in the Senate is on continuing the present subsidized construction programs with modifications. The administration has proposed an interim construction program—pending a final decision on how best to administer a direct cash assistance program—wherein subsidies will be available in tight market cities to builders to rent a portion of their units to the poor (no more than 20 percent). How the direct cash assistance approach will fare in this climate is hard to predict. One can only predict that the differing approaches will produce a debate that should continue for at least a year. As that debate rages, the national housing allowance experiment will continue in several states, and if the results validate the findings of the initial experiments in Kansas City and Wilmington, then they may provide the weight necessary to tip the balance and a new era of housing will open.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

What the Wine-Sellers Buy

(Vivian Beaumont)

On the morning after Ron Milner's new play opened at Lincoln Center, *The New York Times* carried five reviews of it, one by the *Times* critic, four in a big ad placed by Joseph Papp, the producer. Milner is a black writer, *What the Wine-Sellers Buy* is about black life in Detroit. Four black writers—Ossie Davis, Addison Gayle, Toni Cade Bambara and Hoyt Fuller—had been invited by Papp to see previews of the play and to write extensive comments on it, with the promise of uncensored publication—a maneuver evidently intended to counteract expected unsympathetic response from the *Times'* white critic, Clive Barnes. As it turned out, Papp needn't have worried: the *Times* review was daintily equivocal. All five of the reviews, black and white, with one only partial exception, were extreme examples of the critical *merde* about black theater that flies through the air these days.

The play builds oases of naturalism in the middle of abstraction; so does Santo Loquasto's setting. We see two homes, with an alley between them, playing space in front of them, a shop behind, and a big backdrop that can light up with a neon collage. Loquasto has done a lot with his space but, for some reason, has given almost half his stage to House Number Two that is used for only two scenes in a long evening. Wasteful. Those two scenes could have been played in "suggested" places, as other scenes are, and House Number One, the hero's home, where most of the action takes place, could have been much less cramped.

But that disproportion is not the worst of the evening. Milner's play trudges slowly, distendedly and foreseeably through a dramatically trite and dramaturgically ramshackle account of black urban life, emphasizing—in sometimes lyrical black English—the desperate moral choices that face his characters. A high school boy, Steve, comes under the influence of a rich glittering pimp, Rico (black despite his name), who, more for plot reasons than for credibility, keeps a "cover" room in the seedy house where Steve and his widowed mother live. Rico, who has a foster-fatherly feeling for Steve, unknowingly paraphrases Trotsky (the world consists of those who do and those who are done to) and urges the boy to become his partner. For a start, Rico urges Steve to "hustle" his high school girlfriend. The boy resists but then needs money for (brace yourself) his suddenly sick mother. At first his girl is outraged when Steve suggests hustling, but later she agrees.

All this is set in a by-now very familiar street-scene context, with a chorus of blacks ranging from derelicts to dancing youths. And all this is permeated with social verity—presumably incomplete but so is any social verity. And all of it is directed by Michael Schultz in what can be called the '70s black version of '30s Elmer Rice style, with references to filmic concepts of intercutting more patent than they were then. The performances extend from the wickedly, musically scintillating (Dick A. Williams as the pimp) to the solid (Sonny Jim Gaines, as a middle-aged suitor of Steve's mother) to the self-flagellated (Glynn Turman and Loretta Greene as Steve and his girl). Through the play I kept thinking that, though the materials has been used frequently by Ed Bullins and Phillip Hayes Dean and Melvin Van Peebles and many others, still there was the compensation of the vitality of black actors. They made the *moment* alive even though one was aware that black writers had already plumbed the material, had already absorbed these traditional theatrical procedures.

Then this absorption of traditional American theater became, alas, even truer. Every impulse in Milner's play forces the hero to a downward path, toward prostitution of his girl, even to tricking her into it. She has gone to a bedroom with her first customer, and Steve is exulting. Then, for absolutely no reason on earth, or in Milner's cosmos, the girl suddenly runs back in and says she can't go through with it, she and he can find another way out of their troubles; and Steve, who has been dragooning her into hustling for an hour and has been happy about his success, equally suddenly agrees. The two clasp hands and face the moral sunrise together.

This cheesy, phony, incredible Happy Ending, a last two minutes that vomit falsehood all over the previous three hours' truth, only confirms the idea that black theater is absorbing white theater history. Up to now black theater has ingested sentimental domestic drama *(Raisin in the Sun)* and idealistic melodrama *(The River Niger)*, plays which, with all their faults, had convictions and the courage of them. Now Milner's ending is exactly the kind of upbeat, unfounded, shameless and shameful ending that was a specialty of Broadway in its busiest days. One thing that black playwrights have had up to now pretty consistently is honesty; now Milner shows that they can be just as corrupt as whites.

And, what is at least equally sickening, only one of Papp's four black critics even referred to this last-minute insulting cop-out. Hoyt Fuller said: "Mr. Schultz and Mr. Milner might have served the play better by making Steve's final transformation less abrupt. While it is true that the audience is pulling for a happy ending, the too rapid change in attitude does a kind of violence to a well-drawn character." But Fuller talks about this transformation as if it were in the cards, as if it only needed to be managed better. On the script's evidence, this is absolutely false; at the end Steve is not remotely thinking of going straight. So, since Fuller really has no objection to the arbitrary fairy-tale conclusion in itself, he ends up no better than the three other blacks who voiced no reservations at all or the *Times* man who said the finish was "satisfyingly moral."

Black opposition to white criticism of black theater has had one main argument: black plays, no matter how crude or trite, have clearly served the important purpose of black self-certification, and that purpose could not be shared by whites. As I've noted pre-

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

The Exorcist. You've heard of it? Ugly as hell and just as scary.

The Last Detail. Two older sailors escort a young sailor to naval prison—and en route show us where prison really is. Jack Nicholson smashing.

The New Land. If you have/have not seen *The Emigrants*, don't miss the second half of this Swedish-American epic. Truly large.

SK

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Robert Browning Once Again

The Book, the Ring, and the Poet
by William Irvine and Park Honan

(McGraw-Hill; $15)

Though the major episodes of Robert Browning's life (particularly his dramatic rescue of Elizabeth Barrett from the tomblike bedroom of 50 Wimpole Street) are familiar to most readers in the English-speaking world, biographers of the poet have in the past offered us two differing, irreconcilable personalities. On the one hand there was the Robert Browning idolized by his uncritical admirers: a masculine, energetic, exuberant Christian poet who had announced confidently that God was in his heaven and all was right with the world. This was the Browning who was glorified by the clerics and maiden ladies of the Browning societies, re-created in the image of muscular Christianity, and proclaimed a prophet and seer. Needless to say, such a simple-minded figure could not appeal to most readers in our own more skeptical century, and as a result Browning's reputation has, until very recently, continued to sag with each passing decade, despite the warm praise of an occasional perceptive critic like Ezra Pound.

At the other extreme we have had the self-consciously debunking view of Browning, best exemplified by Betty Miller's witty and malicious book *Robert Browning: A Portrait* (1952), in which he was seen as a weak, spoiled adolescent who, confronted with a choice between his mother's faith and Shelleyan atheism, collapsed into mama's (and later Elizabeth's) arms. What was unsettling about Miller's book was that—aided by her Freudian perspective and a sophisticated feminine instinct—her portrait of a neurotic, guilt-ridden personality seemed more plausible and more satisfying than the hearty Victorian optimist. And yet it was obvious that Miller was careless in her handling of evidence, had nothing useful to say about Browning's poetry, and was toppling him from his pedestal with such iconoclastic glee that one suspected her motives.

Now at last these confusing double images have brilliantly coalesced in a biography begun by the late William Irvine and completed by Park Honan, who has already proven himself one of the best of Browning's modern critics. *The Book, the Ring, and the Poet* absorbs the most persuasive of Miller's psychological insights but avoids her distortions, and in so doing it provides us with an extraordinarily comprehensive, balanced and readable account of Browning's life that enables us to see him for the first time in all his strange, rich complexity. This biography represents a remarkable achievement, for Browning, both in life and poetry, practiced the art of self-concealment with such success that few have ever penetrated his polished surface. His dramatic monologue form, in which the poet's face is hidden behind the masks of various historical or imaginary men and women, was from this point of view a clever strategy that enabled him to achieve apparent anonymity. Even in his epistolary relationship with Elizabeth during their courtship, when the mask seemed most likely to slip, Browning delighted in playing a multitude of simultaneous roles, all jostling each other in the lines of a single letter. Elizabeth, like Shelley, seemed to him capable of expressing the truth about herself and the universe in a pure white flash of light, whereas he himself could "only make men and women speak—give you truth broken into prismatic hues." After her death the private self receded still further from public view.

Browning's greatest triumph, aside from his poetry, was the liberation of Elizabeth Barrett from her father and the dark forces of her own psyche. Irvine and Honan partially acknowledge the justice of Miller's charge than an emotionally dependent Browning was seeking in Elizabeth a new mother figure, yet they also demonstrate that this celebrated romance and marriage are, after all, what the devout Browningites thought them to be: the most moving love story of 19th-century England. The authors give us, in fact, what amounts to a full-length biography of Elizabeth as well as Robert, and never before have her sense of humor, her intelligence, and her morbid attachment to suffering and death been better described. Her escape from despair was only temporary. In the final years of the marriage she was sinking once again into a black abyss haunted by nightmarish memories.

If the Browning in Honan's section of the book seems more somber than the one in Irvine's chapters, it is because Browning's life was immeasurably diminished by Elizabeth's death in 1861. Moreover an impulsive (and unsuccessful) proposal to Lady Louisa Ashburton in 1869 cast a cloud of remorse over Browning's later years. It has been known for nearly half a century that, lonely and anxious about his son's future, Browning had suggested to the wealthy widow a marriage of convenience—emphasizing that his heart would still be buried with Elizabeth in Florence—and that Lady Ashburton had scornfully declined the offer. But Honan has succeeded in making this odd episode intelligible, in conveying Browning's violent rage (mostly directed against himself), and in sensitively correlating the experience with the self-lacerating tone of his poetry during these final decades. The "bold she-shape" of Lady Ashburton was not easily exorcised; the frightening apparition flits menacingly across many of Browning's works thereafter, most notably *Fifine at the Fair*, which renders vividly the poet's struggle to ease his troubled conscience and to justify his disloyalty to Elizabeth's memory.

The mood of bitterness lifted gradually in the 1880s as Browning basked in the belated public recognition of his genius. Whereas *Men and Women*, his finest collection of monologues, had in 1855 been ignored or attacked by reviewers, Browning in old age was a celebrity whose volumes of poetry were received with respectful attention. His name was linked with Tennyson's as one of the two great poets of the Victorian age, but not even Tennyson could inspire such wild excesses among his partisans as Browning could. Browning societies, Browning magazines, Browning reading circles and Browning lecture series sprang up, as if by spontaneous generation, all over England and America. He had suffered more neglect than any other important poet of his day; now, as he neared death, a strange cacophony of praise—as irrational as the earlier silence of critics—poured into his ears. Just as he was breathing his last in Venice, a telegram from London announced that *Asolando*, published that day, was receiving good

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reviews and the first edition was nearly exhausted. "More than satisfied," he murmured to his son, who was the last visible link with Elizabeth. "I am dying. My dear boy. My dear boy."

It is good to have the real Browning—a troubled, confused, yet deeply impressive poet and human being—revealed to us by Irvine and Honan. And it is pleasant, too, to read their fine analyses of poems scattered throughout the book, for seldom have literary biography and criticism been so admirably fused. This will surely be the definitive life of Browning for the foreseeable future.

William S. Peterson

Who Knows—And How

The Power to Inform: Media—The Business of Information by Jean-Louis Servan-Schreiber

(McGraw-Hill; $9.95)

In 1969 at a Magazine Publishers Association meeting, I heard Jean-Louis Servan-Schreiber, substituting for his better-known brother, Jean-Jacques, the founder of the French newsmagazine *L'Express*, speak about "Journalists against Owners." He described *Figaro* and *Stern* where the editorial staffs had challenged management's traditional rights to sell their publications to whom they wished, demanded stock ownership, and the right to sit on the boards of directors of their publications. The magazine publishers were naturally unreceptive to this description.

Owners of American media will probably not receive this book with much more enthusiasm. While hardly an exposé, it publishes figures on American media profits, concentration of ownership, management irrationality and various self-serving interests from the postal service to unions. Newspapers, he notes, have had one of the highest levels of profits in our industry, averaging 14 percent profit after taxes in 1968 compared to 5.8 for the rest of American industry. Newspapers are the fifth-ranking industry in America, employing 350,000 salaried employees and grossing seven billion dollars in 1970, twice the dollar revenue of television. Book publishers will read again to their sorrow that about 60 percent of the American public don't read books, and the TV moguls will be happily reminded that the average tube is turned on for six hours a day, compared to five a decade back. Originally published in French in 1972 but focusing on American media, this book contains comparisons with worldwide publishing that are sometimes informative, but for the most part superficial.

Servan-Schreiber gets down quickly to the nuts and bolts of magazine and newspaper publishing, the sources of revenues and methods of editorial and business operation. For example not many years ago circulation revenues were 100 percent of all publications' revenues. With the advent of modern advertising, circulation accounts for about 30 percent of revenue. Now the advertisers with their 70 percent bankroll have a good deal to say about the life and death of publications. And with this changed economic base, "the primary goal was no longer to sell news to readers but rather to sell readers to businessmen for advertising." The phenomenon of the importance of advertising accounts in large part for treating the public like a salami, slicing off this or that segment for an advertising market, with no concern for social justification. "This explains the present decline of opinion magazines which, as a result of diversity, vigor, and even their extremism, should remain at the center of a democratic press. Lack of advertising has helped kill them."

This observation touches directly on such publications as this journal, which has a reverse revenue ratio, that is, relying for its income mainly on subscriptions. Servan-Schreiber is not reassuring. "It remains to be seen whether it is possible to institute a policy in which income is more dependent on the reader [the journal's true customer] and less on the advertiser. This is not easy to achieve, but, if the conclusion is that it is impossible, it would be advisable to look for a job on a journal with a more promising future."

In regard to newspapers, he notes the concentration of the papers into chains and the fact that only rich men and big business organizations can play the game. Gannett, for example, has 53 dailies; over half of the papers in the US are owned by the newspaper chains. The one-newspaper town is now the norm, and one might note that this trend is still moving. Even in Washington, DC the rumor mills grind out the news that the *Washington Star-News* (a product of last year's merger of the *Star* and Scripps-Howard's *Daily News*) may have to abandon its Sunday edition, and that heavy financial losses are giving the *Star-News* a Watergate pallor.

In overinformed and underreflective America, TV exposure is approaching the satiation point in terms of people's physical and mental capacity to withstand the assault. Individual exposure to advertise messages alone is reaching 500,000 per year. The effect of the TV habit is something like drugs, a US Army study in Germany revealed. (Because of the lack of TV programs in English, tensions between army couples rose to high levels. Forced to talk to each other, husbands and wives found that they didn't understand each other.) One heartening observation for those in the magazine business is that the higher the level of education, the less people watch TV. But even this is qualified. "The important question for the future is whether better, more diversified and specialized programs will pull these people away from reading or a certain balance will be maintained."

The concentration of the power to inform into fewer and fewer hands has created an oligarchy of money that is hard to enter. A. J. Liebling wrote that the freedom of the press was guaranteed only to those who own the press. In America the cry of "freedom of the press" is often a subterfuge by the owners of the media to preserve or expand their position against the claims of the government and the citizens at large. The idea of a friendly band of corporate directors and multimillionaires sitting around and making their decisions in terms of the public interest has a Kafkaesque quality. Servan-Schreiber sees the need for a new management media ethic, acknowledging that "the legal and intellectual struc-

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tures of media reveal themselves less and less adapted to handling the social responsibility involved." Access to the media by all is high on his list of reforms, but he recognizes the problems of working out such a formula and the inadequacy, say, of cable TV with its highly segmented and small audiences being a real alternative to major media for an effective expression of minority views.

In an earlier study on the media (*A Free and Responsible Press*, 1947) Robert Hutchins wrote, "The free press must be free to all who have something worth saying to the public, since the essential object for which a free press is valued is that ideas deserving a public hearing shall have a public hearing." The Servan-Schreiber book advances no more of a solution than Hutchins. His book is an incentive for a rigorous and urgent study by Congress, aimed at legislation to break up the media monopolies, provide for low-cost loans for qualified groups to enter TV, radio and CATV, lower postal rates for genuine publications to expand the magazine arena, repeal the bogus "failing newspaper" laws that allow thinly concealed newspaper mergers. And so on. The list of remedies is long if the Congress and the voters are really serious about the shortcomings of the power to inform in America.

Robert J. Myers

A Lunch Party

Civilization
Old Friends
by Clive Bell

(University of Chicago Press; $12.50)

In recent years Clive Bell has gained posthumous fame as a walk-on character in the life stories of Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf. When he first appears among the Cambridge intellectuals in 1900, Bell is an exuberant, muscular presence, admired for his skills with animals and women. "A gay, amiable dog," Keynes later called him; and David Garnett remembered "the warm stream of Clive's hospitality." But others were puzzled by his grandiose plans for a *magnum opus*, *The New Renaissance*, that would reveal the splendid spirit of the present age. Although charmed by the amiable bluster, Lytton Strachey could not conceal his malice:

> *. . . his character has several layers, but it is difficult to say which is the fond. There is the country gentleman layer, which makes him retire into the depths of Wiltshire to shoot partridges. There is the Paris decadent layer, which takes him to the quartier latin where he discusses painting and vice with American artists and French models. There is the eighteenth-century layer, which adores Thoby Stephen. There is the layer of innocence which adores Thoby's sister. There is the layer of prostitution, which shows itself in an amazing head of crimped straw-colored hair. And there is the layer of stupidity, which runs transversely through all the other layers.*

Despite the "layer of stupidity," Bell soon made a reputation as a critic of art and literature. He popularized the ideas of Roger Fry, coined the term "significant form," and was among the first to praise Matisse, Picasso, Eliot and Lawrence. But here again his performance is peculiar. Although he adored "Prufrock" and defended *The Rainbow*, he complained about "The Waste Land" and dismissed Joyce as mediocre. Among the writers of the period, he was often the object of easy ridicule. Eliot described his review as "the sort of thing one can only receive in silence," and Joyce asked: "What form of suicide do you think I ought to choose?"

While he was writing about painting and books, Bell was also making literary history of another kind, as husband of one of the Stephen sisters and admirer of the other. Soon after he and Vanessa Stephen were married, their affections were directed elsewhere, hers toward Roger Fry and Duncan Grant, his toward Virginia Stephen and many other women. Although she allowed a flirtation (but not an affair), Virginia called him "pompous, polished, and slight" —a "cuckoo that lays its eggs in other birds' nests." They quarreled a good deal; yet she accepted his advice about work in progress and thanked him for being "the first person who ever thought I'd write well." Years later she even made notes for his biography.

No biography has been written and even in his son Quentin's *Virginia Woolf*, Bell remains a shadowy figure. When I first saw the new University of Chicago reprint of *Civilization* and *Old Friends* (two volumes in one), I thought it might provide useful clues to his personality; but the longer one looks at these books the less explicable Bell's character and relationships seem to be. On individual merit neither work is of present interest; and even as reflections of the historical Bloomsbury they are distorted and disembodied. Published in 1928 *Civilization* is a smug, long-winded testimonial to the qualities that make for the good life. In the year of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Ford's *Last Post*, Galsworthy's *Swan Song* and Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, Bell was talking blithely about taste, progress, toleration, friendship and the supremacy of Reason. Even his friend Virginia saw the absurdity: "he has great fun in the opening chapters, but in the end it turns out that civilization is a lunch party at No. 50 Gordon Square."

Old Friends (1956) is less fatuous but equally thin. Writing about Fry, Keynes, Strachey, Eliot, Woolf and others, Bell makes some of the most sardonic, contradictory and anxiety-stricken modern writers seem like apostles of rationality and good nature. Occasionally he admits that he knows more about these people than he wishes (or is able) to say. Since 1956, of course, much of what had gone previously unprinted has appeared in the Michael Holroyd and Quentin Bell biographies of Strachey and Virginia Woolf—those crowded, full-bodied lives that make Clive Bell's memories look even more meager than they did 20 years ago.

The question remains, though: why did Keynes, Fry, Strachey and Woolf see so much of Clive Bell? On many occasions he must have been something of a relief, his heartiness an escape from the terrors of their work and personalities. But there is surely more to the matter than this, and it would be good to have a small biography by someone who knows the story from the inside.

Lawrence Graver

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Dark Season

Vegas
by John Gregory Dunne

(Random House; $6.95)

John Gregory Dunne's first book in about six years is as good as it is difficult to classify. I've been trying to put a label of some sort on it ever since I finished it. He subtitles it "A Memoir of a Dark Season," and that sounds like just another arty, slightly cryptic subtitle, but in this case it is justified; the author is being helpful—and precise. Dunne has a reputation as a "new journalist" left over from a time when the phrase seemed to mean something to people. The book's subjective tone and tight, strong dialogue make it *look* like a novel, *sound* like "new journalism." Well, it's not—not, in Tom Wolfe's sense. No, *Vegas* is far more personal than that. John Gregory Dunne, in fact, has been about as frankly personal about himself as anyone ever has been in a book—and so the subtitle, a *caveat lector* discreetly warning the reader something different lies ahead.

Dunne begins: "In the summer of my nervous breakdown, I went to live in Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada." This book is—a thing of misery, an object of moral waste, an expression of despair. Dunne knows the terrain so well and describes it in such precise, measured, understated style that he makes his hell a thing of beauty, or, a very peculiar sort of beauty.

What happened to Dunne that summer? He received unmistakable intimations of his own mortality, ran away from his wife and daughter (first, trial runs up and down the coast in the family car, then a transcontinental solo flight to New York—to watch the World Series on television in his hotel room!), and finally away from it all in Las Vegas. There he broods on death and shivers with *angst* in a lonely motel room, and sits around eating Hydrox cookies and candy bars until he starts to get fat. Las Vegas! It is as though Dunne had set out to find an environment that was the perfect objective correlative for the misery he was carrying around inside him. And whether or not he set out to *find* it, Las Vegas was there waiting for him, waiting for a writer of his talent and perception to come along and tell us what it is really like.

He lays it all before us, with marvelous economy, chiefly by presenting three inmates of the city—Jackie Kasey (a lounge comic), Artha Ging (a prostitute), and Buster Mano (a private detective). Each of them, like Walt Whitman, contains multitudes. Through Dunne's relationship with them we come to know others in the city, we get a sense of what Las Vegas is for those who actually live there after the gamblers, the tourists and the conventioneers have come and gone (it is tempting to call this the *real* Las Vegas until you realize what a contradiction in terms that is). The three are completely realized as characters, three-dimensional as few in novels are today: each has a personal history, a reason for being who and what he is; each is encased in his own little cocoon of responses, relationships and desires—they occupy *space*. Yet Jackie Kasey, Artha and Buster are probably composite characters rather than literal individual human beings whose names have been changed. *Vegas* is then, in this respect and a few others, a work of fiction.

Dunne, in fact, says as much in a note prefacing the text: "This is a fiction which recalls a time both real and imagined. There are, for example, comics, prostitutes, and private detectives in Las Vegas; there is no Jackie Kasey, no Artha Ging, no Buster Mano. I am more or less 'I,' he and she less than more he and she." The difficulties in labeling *Vegas* become clear. If it is "a fiction," as he says it is, then is it a novel? If, as Dunne tells us, "I am more or less 'I,' " then is it a memoir—as he himself labeled it in the book's subtitle? Or has he just pushed new journalism a bit further in a direction it was already inching? Does it really matter *what* it is labeled?

To some it matters a great deal. When Gail Sheehy published a series of articles on prostitution in New York City that later became the basis for her book *Hustling*, there was a great furor when it developed that some of her portraits of hustlers and pimps were "composites"—that is (let's be frank about it), they were fictional. Journalists were worried that their own detailed, closely observed studies of real people might be impugned because of the liberties Sheehy had taken. Critics were disturbed because it blurred further the dim lines separating fiction and reporting. *Vegas* may well obliterate altogether these lines limiting the accepted "forms." As a novel, as a memoir it is unsatisfactory. But as a piece of writing, it is superb.

Bruce Cook

Serious Study

Karl Marx, His Life and Thought
by David McLellan

(Harper & Row; $12.50)

The first comprehensive biography of Marx was written in 1918 by a veteran German Socialist, Franz Mehring. His book is still useful, but overly reverent and has been outdated by the subsequent publication of previously unknown letters and manuscripts by Marx and by the uncovering of new facts. McLellan's biography, partly because of its own solid virtues and partly because there are so few serious competitors, now becomes the one essential volume on the life of Marx.

McLellan succeeds in his announced intention "to cover fully the three main facets of Marx's life—personal, political and intellectual." He is sympathetic but also critical. In 451 pages he describes adequately the main events of Marx's life and gives excellent summaries of the main writings. He does not, however, comment on Marxism after Marx or pontificate on the relevance of Marx for the 1970s. These topics are important and even tempting, but they would get in the way of explaining what Marx wrote and meant in his day. McLellan intends his book for the general reader, but has "had to include some rather difficult passages. . . ." This is a fair warning. McLellan himself writes clearly and well, but a serious study of Marx cannot be light reading.

Marx as theorist, not Marx as revolutionary agitator, holds a commanding place in modern history. But the life of Marx is essential for a full understanding of his thought. He did not cast himself in the role of cloistered scholar. In 1844, at 26, he first proclaimed the alliance between the radical intellectuals and the emerging proletariat: "Just as philosophy finds its material weapons in the proletariat, so the proletariat finds its intellectual weapons in philos-

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ophy." The following year he wrote: "The philosophers have only interpreted the world, in various ways; the point, however, is to change it." As president of the Workers Association of Cologne during the revolutionary months of 1848 and 1849 and as researcher in the British Museum Reading Room in the 1850s and 1860s, Marx was still engaged in his lifelong effort to interpret the world by changing it and to change it by interpreting it.

His revolutionary vocation took him from birth in a comfortable middle class Rhineland home in 1818 to impoverished exile in London in 1849. Four of his seven children died in infancy and his wife suffered several nervous breakdowns. In his last years from 1868 to 1883 he lived in economic comfort, financially supported by his friend and associate Engels; but he had to endure a variety of tormenting illnesses. The urgency and drive of his best writing may have come in part from the effort of will it required to continue his work in the midst of much personal suffering.

Marx had few opportunities to change the world, but McLellan shows that he vigorously used those that came his way. During the abortive German revolution of 1848-1849 Marx directed with considerable effectiveness two organizations of the revolutionary left, the Cologne Workers Association and the *New Rhineland Newspaper*. In 1864 he became, in effect, the leader of the newly formed Working Men's International Association, which brought together in a loose federation a number of trade unions and Socialist societies, mainly in France and England, with a peak membership of just over 100,000. It exercised some influence on the policies of many of the emerging trade unions and Socialist societies, held annual congresses and raised money to aid strikes. The International came to an abrupt end in 1872 when Marx, fearing the growing influence within the organization of Bakunin and his Anarchist followers, engineered a peaceful burial by moving the headquarters to New York.

Marx's writings gave the Socialist movement the intellectual coherence and confidence it desperately needed. Socialist leaders believed themselves guided by a doctrine more scholarly and more scientific than that of their opponents. Marx's political writings provided a guide to tactics and *Capital*, the long theoretical volume he published in 1867, aimed to "lay bare the

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economic law of motion of modern society. . . ." But the power of Marxism comes not from tactics and economic laws alone, but also from a humanistic vision which is implied, but not completely stated, in Marx's published works. McLellan devotes a full 24 pages to summaries and excerpts from the unfinished *Paris Manuscripts* of 1844 (unpublished until 1932) in which Marx describes man as alienated from the social world he has himself created and alienated also from other men and from his own nature: only through communism, he believed, could man overcome this alienation. The goal of Marx's communism then is more than economic prosperity; it is the full liberation of man. In 1857 and 1858 Marx wrote over 1000 pages of outline and rough draft to clarify to himself what he was trying to do. This manuscript, now known as the *Grundrisse* or *Outline of a Critique of Political Economy*, was first published in Moscow in 1939; some selections were translated into English by McLellan in 1971. The *Grundrisse* includes sections that were to appear later in *Capital*, but also continuations of discussions begun in the *Paris Manuscripts*. Clearly there was no break between a young Marx, metaphysical and humanistic, and a later Marx, interested mainly in formulating economic laws; there was one Marx, developing and extending in maturity the insights achieved in youth. Marx's complex thought is certainly not voluntaristic; it is very far from the mechanical determinism sometimes preached and sometimes denounced as Marxism.

Melvin C. Shefftz

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM S. PETERSON *is author of* Interrogating the Oracle: A History of the London Browning Society *(Ohio University Press).* LAWRENCE GRAVER *teaches English at Williams College.* BRUCE COOK *is a staff writer for* The National Observer *who writes on film and music.* MELVIN C. SHEFFTZ *teaches history at State University of New York, Binghamton.* DANIEL HOFFMAN *is poetry consultant to the Library of Congress this year. His forthcoming book of poetry is* The Center of Attention *(Vintage Books).*

The poem quoted on page 7 is from *The Portable Dorothy Parker*, © 1926, copyright renewed 1954 by Dorothy Parker, and reprinted by permission of the Viking Press, Inc.

Fine Print

Books on New England, etc.

Doris Grumbach

If you have visited or lived in New England, especially along the coast, you must inevitably share my appetite for anything written about the sea, that coast, the islands offshore, the architecture, anything that evokes summer, sand and, on occasion, wild surf. In the last months I have seen no less than seven books designed both for nostalgia lovers and Mainiacs (of which I am one of the more violent). I want to write about several:

The best of these is not a simple love-affair-with-the-coast book but a serious "search for an American Way of Life," as the subtitle of **Maine Pilgrimage** by Richard Saltonstall, Jr. puts it. An environmentalist and conservationist, as well as a skillful journalist, Saltonstall sees Maine as a prototype for the problems besetting all of America, and himself as typical of the American who searches for "longterm environmental security, and what I came to term the 'family place.'" He achieved this at last, finding a farm for himself and his family. But in the process of learning about Maine's problems he drove 3000 miles across the length and breadth of the state, using interviews as well as the knowledgeable columns that John Cole writes in the *Maine Times* and the Natural Resources Council bulletins, as strongly conservationist as the author, for his facts. In his travels he comes upon evidence of every kind of industry-*vs.*-environment struggle, for he explored Maine's forests, its rivers, its parks, farms, its ships and shipbuilding, small and large towns, its sea-farming industries and coastal areas. He met the Scott Nearings as well as land developers and port managers; he went everywhere and his conclusions, written in an easygoing, highly personal manner, are pleasant to read, not at all difficult to accept (Little, Brown; $10).

Less impressive, but still intriguing because of its material is Edward Rowe Snow's **The Lighthouses of New England** (Dodd, Mead; $7.95). From Maine to Rhode Island Snow has explored all these picturesque and utilitarian beacons and writes about their history, their life-saving records and their present condition. Unwittingly this survey turns out to be somewhat feminist, for many of the heroes of these lighthouse rescues were women. The most dramatic story is that of Ida Lewis whose father kept Lime Rock Light off the coast of Rhode Island. An expert, strong swimmer and rower, she took her sick father's place in boats that saved lives, rowed her younger brother and sisters to the mainland to school through every kind of sea, and when her father died became the keeper of the lighthouse on appointment by President Grant in 1869. Her record was astonishing; she was on duty on that rocky island for half a century, at the age of 64 she saved her 23rd person, and when she was mortally ill in 1911 the guns of nearby Fort Adams were silenced. At her death the bells throughout Newport Harbor tolled all night. There are other good tales in this fact-packed, breezy volume.

There is no end to the lore of whales; but **Children of the Light,** by Everett S. Allen (Little, Brown; $10) is far more than a compilation of cetology. It is a portmanteau volume that begins by describing life among the Innuit Eskimos, and then moves to 1867 and New Bedford, Massachusetts, where two Quaker brothers, George and Matthew Howland (the title refers to George Fox's phrase for the Friends) have just celebrated 40 years of fruitful partnership with the building of a new whaleship, *Concordia*. In its second section there is a great deal of interesting material about the industry of whaling and the character of the men who sailed and owned the whaleships. But 1871 was the pivotal, final year for the activity, for in that year 40 whaleships, including *Concordia*, set sail for the Arctic. Three of the ships were to search for survivors of the wrecked *Japan* lost in the gales of the year before. The survivors of that catastrophe were found living with the Eskimos "whose kindness, nursing, and hospitality kept them alive." Then, in the late summer of '71, the "ice closed up," the crews began to be "dissident," gales came earlier than expected, and the great fleet was caught in the ice. The ships were abandoned, and the crews went south in whaleboats toward open water and rescue ships. Eskimos plundered the abandoned ships, became ill on the

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medicine they sampled and fired those ships that contained the offending medicine. One man stayed behind and reported the total collapse, under the weight of moving ice, of all ships that were not burned. Losses to the shipowners, the Howland brothers among them, were incalculable; the great days of the American whaling industry were over. An exciting book, well written and well illustrated with old photographs and drawings of the port, the ships and their abandonment.

Toni Morrison is an editor at Random House and a novelist. **Sula** (Knopf; $5.95) is her second work of fiction. A rich, poetic, very often touching study of the lives of two black women, one of whom (Sula) escapes (or seems to escape) her poor life in a small Ohio town, and the other of whom stays there and accepts, endures and accommodates to it. The book has been, rightly, widely praised, not because it is by a black writer (that once was enough, in the early days of affirmative literary judgments) or about blacks, but because it is well written and deals with sensitive, suffering, believable human beings. Now Toni Morrison has edited **The Black Book** (Random House; $5.95). A generous grab-bag of newspaper clippings, posters, songs, memorabilia, it is as though, as Bill Cosby says in his introduction, "a 300-year-old black man had decided, oh, say when he was about ten, to keep a scrapbook—a record of what it was like for himself and his people in these United States." Toni Morrison aimed at writing for "just plain black folk, not scholarly black history for a select audience." The scrapbook is just that. I had not seen very much of the material here, which was put together from the black memorabilia collections of Middleton Harris, Morris Levitt, Roger Furman and Ernest Smith, plus much supplementary material supplied by the editor, who says the theme of the book is the survival, the endurance of the black in spite of everything. "I doubt a white person could have edited it," Morrison said in a recent interview. But despite its evident virtues the volume has the drawback of all such catalogues. Printed on heavy, almost unbending stock, the reproductions are sometimes poor, the type sometimes hard to read. With this exception, the book is fine and, like its subject, I suspect will endure.

A small addendum: the stories that comprise **A Part of the Main** by Edward M. Holmes that the University of Maine at Orono has published ($4.95). The tales are short, direct, full of Maine-acute dialogue and events: weather and people, hunting and nostalgia, wharves and fishermen. Nothing deeply analytical, but the kind of writing many people enjoy: short sketches that evoke places and persons they have loved. The best known story here is "Drums Again," reprinted in the 1972 Martha Foley's *Best Short Stories*, but there are others almost as good, with the same spare style and laconic dialogue. Regional character studies, and many of them well worth reading.

Coming

The Case Worker
by George Konrad,
reviewed by
Ivan Sanders

Problems of Knowledge

(The Phi Beta Kappa poem,
College of William and Mary, 5 Dec. '73)

What do you really know? I asked, phrasing the question
in Words. But what are Words? replied that circuit in
the Mind
plugged in as Answer Desk; then, as the line went dead,
Concatenation jostled Games, and tinkling Symbol
made such a racket who could hear Communication?
Each had a proposition. Have you ever
heard the uproar of your whole vocabulary
yelling at once, each word a keening sibyl
confiding its urgent counsels to the wind's ear?
Madness! And when you harken to the few of them
who get through the general donnybrook, what do *they* know?
Contradiction pounds the gavel while Ambiguity
argues that Answer's only half a pair of twins.
A lot of good *that* does. Then the Monosyllables
Love Woe Hate and Hope
each full of herself arise to sing an aria
against the orchestrated din and hubbub.
My head is splitting. How can I make this rabble
of prophets subside in silence if not in agreement?
—There must be *something* they can all assent and shut
up to.
Harmony, what do you say? Cacaphony's splenetic
coughing skewers your sweet chords. O Folly, Folly,
this must be all your doing. Myself, where are you?
What have you done, what have *I* done, unloosing
these monstrous egotists, each the protagonist
of a total epic, an untranslatable spell—
What did you say? They are all heroes? Each lives
in his own consciousness of my knowing
the myths tolled in his syllables, the sound of his name
incising a verse of the race's history
into the near-blank tablets of my mind—

It must be so, it was said to me by Mind,
Tablets, History, Incising, and Sound
in those very words, or in so many words.

Daniel Hoffman

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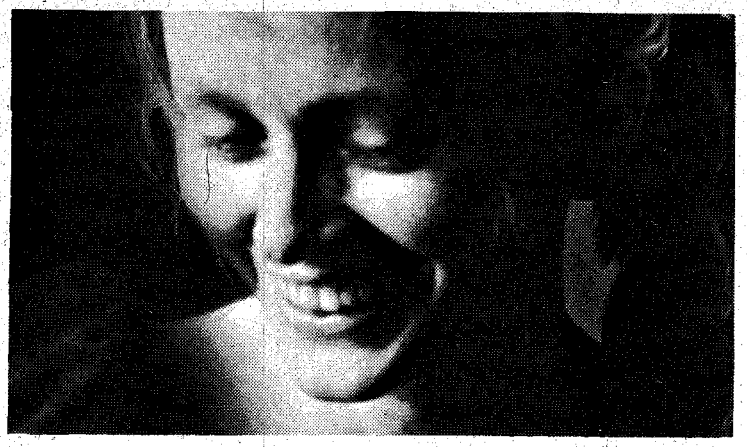

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Correspondence

Energy Problem

Sirs:

In your issue of December 15, 1973, Peter Caws ("Rationing and the Poor") stated that the distribution of energy was skewed toward the wealthy and that most of the energy was probably consumed by those that own most of the money. Although I have not done any research on the topic, I suspect that there are sufficient doubts about the statement that a warning flag should be raised as soon as possible.

It is unlikely, for example, that the top 20 percent of the families have over 40 percent of the automobiles. It is equally unlikely that the same group of families consume over 40 percent of the energy used in heating houses. And I don't suppose that they buy 40 percent of the electric toasters or 40 percent of the power boats. In total I suspect that there is very good reason to believe that the distribution of energy consumption is probably much more equally distributed than the distribution of income. Professor Caws and *The New Republic* would be doing the nation a great disservice if it became widely believed that the energy problem could be solved by simply reducing the energy consumption of the wealthy without any impairment of the energy consumption of the middle and lower income groups. This probably is simply not the case.

John M. Kuhlman
University of Missouri

In reply:

Professor Kuhlman should have done his research before he raised his flag. A glance at the most recent *Statistical Abstract of the United States* would have told him, for example, that 20 percent of the families have no automobile at all, and that the ownership of automobiles, like that of most other energy-consuming devices, is sharply correlated with income: 60 percent of families in the lowest income bracket have no automobile, 70 percent of those in the highest have two or more. Add the limousines and rental cars and the skew toward the wealthy should be obvious enough.

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The power boat case makes me suspect that Professor Kuhlman has forgotten that a lot of families exist at all. *Less* than 20 percent of the families own *all* the power boats, and few of them are poor.

It is true that because of the energy-intensiveness of some domestic activities the skew in the case of energy is less marked. There is even one category, I am told, in which the poor use more energy per capita than the rich, namely space heating, because they live in low-grade housing with more leaks and poorer insulation. But for obvious reasons I wanted that kind of energy use exempted from the voucher system. As to reduced consumption, nobody (unless the principle were extended to poor countries as well as to the poor in this country) would have to reduce it very much, it would just cost more after the basic allowance had been used up. And the reduced consumption would affect most the (relatively) wealthy, which includes more of us than Professor Kuhlman's three-tier class structure would suggest.

Peter Caws

On Michael Harrington

Sirs:

I'm not sure who "Novakians" are ("Older Socialist," *TNR*, Jan. 19, 1974) but if John Deedy meant to include me as a derogator of Michael Harrington, whom I count as a friend, he erred. I have never held Michael Harrington's "intellectual and political commitments" to be "insignificant." On the contrary, I read Mr. Harrington with absorbing interest, intellectual benefit, and the keen pleasure of some disagreement.

Michael Novak
Bayville, New York

In reply:

The "Novakians" allusion was to a *Commonweal* column for November 23, 1973, in which Novak wrote that "compared to what Bishop Mugavero started in Brooklyn and Queens [by way of political education committees], Michael Harrington's brave efforts to establish a new socialist party are like a ripple on an ocean." The disparagement quickens given the context.

John Deedy

Naughty Nukes

Sirs:

Permit me to add a few brief comments to Walter Pincus' fine piece "Why More Nukes?" (*TNR*, Feb. 9, 1974), which discussed the Defense Department's increasing interest in a new generation of low-yield tactical nuclear weapons.

Pincus rightly points out that the current nuclear stalemate is, to a large degree, predicated on the assumption that resort to tactical nuclear weapons would automatically promote escalation to all-out nuclear war. "Mini-nuke" supporters argue that the Soviets will be cooperative (*i.e.*, rational) by, it seems, viewing low-yield nuclear devices as nothing more than conventional explosives in convenient packages. Yet it is entirely rational for the Soviets to act uncooperatively, as escalation is not necessarily an irrational act when one perceives, however wrongly, that they are losing or stalemated, and cannot accept the consequences.

But perhaps the simplest reason why use of mini-nukes is likely to cause an escalatory nuclear situation is the Soviet perception of the threat of NATO's theater nuclear forces, including air force and navy strike aircraft and the army's Pershing missiles, all capable of delivering nuclear weapons on Soviet targets. Euphemistically we refer to these so-called tactical weapons as "theater" devices. Unfortunately for the Soviets, NATO's definition of the theater includes Soviet territory. Thus, to the Soviets at least, these weapons are of a strategic nature. Given this perception and the enormous advantages surprise affords the attacker, it is extremely dangerous to assume any degree of Soviet restraint in response to NATO's first use of very low-yield nuclear weapons.

Dennis M. Gormley
Reston, Virginia

Errata

Sirs:

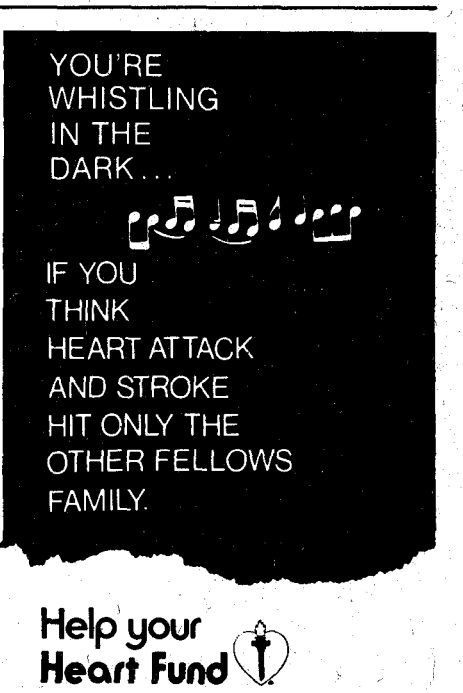
An editorial error in the review of *Spiks* (*TNR*, Feb. 23, 1974) makes it sound as though I thought *The Labyrinth* by Enrique Laguerre was an anthology. It should have read *novel* for *anthology*, which is what I knew, and wrote, and which somehow got changed.

William Kennedy

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

viously, I disagree that white critics should keep hands off, but I recognize the psychosocial truth behind that one argument. Now black critics themselves have spat on that argument by ignoring psychosocial falsehood – not to mention artistic falsehood. And they are joined by a white critic. Black and white, they are *all* finks.

I was going to comment on Terrence McNally's bill of short comedies about sanatoriums, *Bad Habits* (Astor Place); but, though Robert Drivas has directed slickly and some of the evening is amusing, these two one-acters are fundamentally so disgusting in their pussycat rubbings of the audience's leg, playing up to spurious sophistication with facile stereotypes, that I'd rather give my remaining space to a valuable book. *The City and the Theatre* by Mary C. Henderson recounts the history of New York playhouses from the beginnings to the present. The first 200 pages comprise five chapters, each in two parts. The first part deals with the social and business history of the city in the time of the chapter's span, the second part tells how the building and conduct of theaters responded to those events. Interesting and illuminating. The book's latter 84 pages give a page apiece to the New York theaters of the 20th century, many of them already demolished, with a picture of each one and a capsule history. Fully illustrated, well produced, a good bibliography. $14.95. Publisher: James T. White & Co., 1700 State Highway Three, Clifton, NJ 07013.



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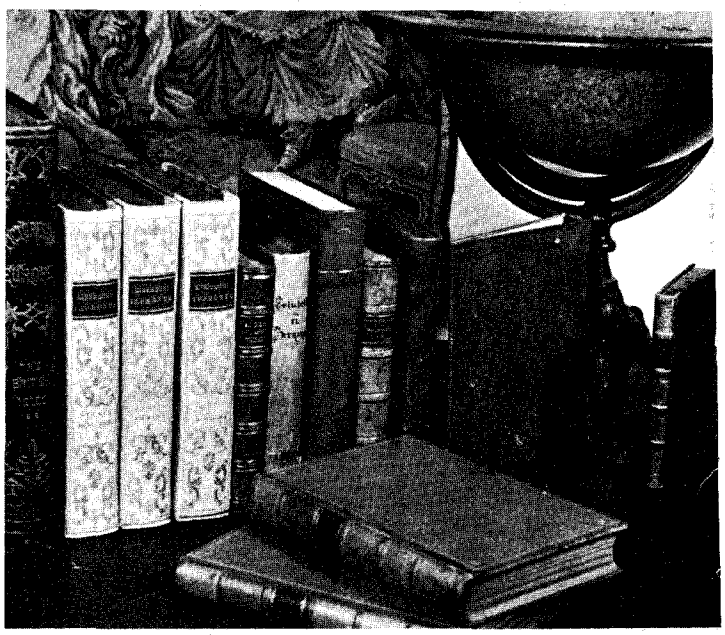

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